THE LIVING AGE

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for August, 1931

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years: In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

EVENTS have moved so rapidly in recent weeks that a monthly magazine has difficulty in keeping abreast of the times. Last month we prophesied impending collapse in Germany. A few days after our issue had gone to press and a few days before it reached our readers, the Hoover Moratorium revealed that the crisis was more serious than anyone had imagined. For a time the danger had apparently passed, but now, as we go to press again, the benefits of the Moratorium are being questioned. Nevertheless, we are convinced that the six articles we present on the subject and our first three editorial notes in 'The World Over' are going to be just as interesting when our subscribers read them as they were the day they were written.

WE BEGIN with two editorials from Germany. Dr. Erich Krämer, writing for the liberal *Vossische Zeitung*, one of the most important papers of the great Jewish press that the Hitlerites despise so much, warns his countrymen that the actual savings under the Moratorium do not amount to much and that they must work harder than ever if they would avoid disaster. The *Rote Fahne*, official organ of the Communist Party, attacks the Hoover proposal on the ground that it shuts off Germany's export trade.

IN THE British press the Hoover Moratorium received almost unanimous praise. The *Spectator* of London, edited by Major John Evelyn Wrench, founder of the English-Speaking Union, celebrates the decision of the New World 'To Redress the Balance of the Old.' H. N. Brailsford, an adherent of the left wing of the Labor Party, cannot share the enthusiasm of the orthodox Laborite, Liberal, and Conservative. He insists that Germany came so close to a collapse that we have still plenty to fear and the most that he allows himself to hope is that a complete crash may be avoidable.

THE French have made few new friends abroad in the course of the past month, largely because of the amount of publicity given to such outbursts as the editorial by M. Pierre Bernus entitled 'Speaking for France.' His logic is impeccable and his point of view cannot well be ignored by a nation that fought 'to make the world safe for democracy'; indeed, we find it easy to sympathize with the French when they are perplexed because the same Americans who fought for them fifteen years ago now insist that Germany must be saved. The difficulty is that Germany still exists as a first-class power and that France cannot have Europe to herself, no matter what the rights and wrongs of the case may be.

COUNT WLADIMIR D'ORMESSON, whose plan for Franco-American coöperation in saving Germany appeared in our April issue, again proves himself a far-sighted student of European affairs. He recognizes that France lost a great opportunity in not taking the initiative in the matter of debt reduction, and he now urges that plans be made for the Disarmament Conference, in which he foresees America offering debt reduction in return for arms reduction. He recommends that France insist on the abolition of neutral rights in time of war and forecasts exactly what international problems must be solved in the next twelve months.

F. F. VON UNRUH, a German war veteran, describes a characteristic Hitler

(*Continued on page 611*)

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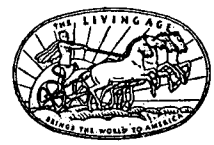
THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



August, 1931 *Volume 340, Number 4379*

The World Over

THE UNIVERSAL INTEREST aroused by President Hoover's moratorium proves that an event of historic significance has occurred. It is not that his action has met with approval in all quarters. An article in this issue by M. Pierre Bernus expresses the disgust of the nationalist element in France; another article, from the Communist *Rote Fahne* of Berlin, describes the moratorium as a wedge to open up Europe to American trade; and H. N. Brailsford fears that the worst is yet to come. But every group in every country has treated the affair with the utmost seriousness, even though it is generally recognized that the actual amount of money involved is relatively small and that the chief value of the moratorium is psychological.

Three changes have come to pass. First, the United States has definitely returned to world affairs. Secondly, the governments of the capitalist nations have finally acted unanimously in the interests of international credit. Thirdly, American diplomacy is preparing to offer substantial debt reductions at the Disarmament Conference of 1932 in return for substantial military reductions.

So much for generalizations. Let us now see how definitely these generalizations are supported by representative foreign comment, remembering also that this comment should be read in the light of the six complete articles on the moratorium that lead off this issue.

Enlightened opinion in Germany recognizes that nothing can come of

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the Hoover moratorium unless it leads France and Germany to work together. Discussing Chancellor Brüning's radio address, delivered a few days after the Hoover offer was made public, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* says:—

> Brüning's radio address was more than a twelfth-hour summons. It was a programme. The Chancellor said everything that could be said about the German situation, and his rather gloomy views give his words great weight. Bare, unadorned reality is the most convincing argument that Germany can bring before the world to-day. The Chancellor expressed the thankfulness of the German people for Mr. Hoover's initiative, but at the same time he warned Germans of all parties to understand the significance of the present day and to make up their minds to self-discipline.
>
> Almost half of Brüning's speech was given over to the great Franco-German question. This remains the fundamental point of our foreign policy. The immediate contact between two such great peoples forces them to live together and find some way of serving their greatest common interest, the maintenance of peace. There is no other way out. Either these two nations must live in hostility, as they have for so long in the past, or they must recognize the necessity not only to bear with one another but to work positively together and to seek a common destiny.

Dr. Adolf Halfeld, London correspondent of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, emphasizes the importance of America's action:—

> The epoch of America's economic isolation from Europe has clearly ended. The farmer of the Middle West will learn to recognize that the price of his products is directly lowered by the poverty of sixty-five million Germans, and the unnumbered unemployed in American industry will understand that the billions of dollars that Europe has to pay each year to Wall Street has cost the United States just that much in exports. The common destiny that affects us all during this world catastrophe has forced America to act as she has.

Dr. Max Jordan, former Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* who has recently returned from a trip through the Pacific, points out the connection between debts and disarmament:—

> The way for the next step is thus made clear. Hoover expects the international atmosphere to grow less tense during the moratorium year, and this period of relaxation should improve the chances for the Disarmament Conference next February, making them more favorable than they seem at the present time; and, as a consequence of these more favorable chances, there is a real prospect of considerable modification in debts and reparations.

Arbeiterpolitik, organ of the opposition group of the German Communist Party, offers this interpretation:—

> America's offer represents an attack on the French imperialist system in Europe and on the system of alliances that serves as the basis for the whole French hegemony. It is an attempt on the part of America to free the way for American capital exports to Europe and to overcome the barriers erected by

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French imperialism by coming to the aid of German imperialism and furthering England's political ambitions. France therefore is now defending its victory in the World War against America and Germany.

MANY FRENCH nationalists gave more violent expression to their feelings than M. Bernus does in his article, 'Speaking for France.' Pierre Gaxotte, writing in *Je Suis Partout*, blames M. Briand for all the humiliations that his country has suffered:—

> In the name of the Young Plan M. Briand made us abandon Mainz and the Rhine, which form our military frontier and our security. In the name of the Young Plan we renounced the Dawes Plan, which was functioning well and yielding us considerable advantages. In the name of the Young Plan we again made enormous advances to the Reich, which were supposed to be spent on railways and which were lost in the bottomless pit of the German budget. For more than a year we have walked, danced, and run, and now a Mr. Hoover appears and says to us, 'All over. Play has stopped.'

But it would be a mistake to imagine that all Frenchmen feel this way about Germany and the United States. Jules Sauerwein, foreign editor of *Le Matin*, writes as follows:—

> France has the choice of two policies. She can, if she wishes, block this rebirth of confidence in the world and take a position of criticism and complaint, though she would probably have to change such a policy very soon. We are astonished to see that certain newspapers, supposedly edited by financial experts, fail to see the perils of French abstention. They forget that in case of a complete collapse nothing could save our reparations except war. The French nation is supposed to be very sensitive on the subject of its rights and its savings. This is quite true, but France is also devoted to peace. A policy that would make the whole weight of a world crisis fall on our shoulders and that would put us in opposition to the whole world is a policy of war, not of peace.

BECAUSE the moratorium tacitly accepts the principles of the Balfour Note, England greeted Mr. Hoover's offer more warmly than any other nation. It is not our business to discuss here why the debts of England, a country that suffered no invasion, that succeeded in having its chief naval and shipping rival swept off the seas, and that inherited nearly all that rival's colonial possessions, should be wiped off, as Lord Balfour urged, along with the debts of France, Belgium, and Italy, although those nations all suffered invasion and received no such compensations as the British did in respect to colonies or sea power. Certainly the British are not unaware of the advantages of the Balfour Note, and we therefore find the editor of the Conservative *Saturday Review* expressing gratification at Hoover's action as follows:—

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> I cannot help thinking that were he [Mr. Hoover] to imitate Dante, and visit in his dreams that other world which we all from time to time like to believe in, he would win an approving smile from the shade of Arthur Balfour. The famous Balfour Note was denounced at the time as visionary, academic, and unpractical; the implied argument underlying it is now tacitly accepted.

The same paper then goes on to comment as follows on the moratorium:—

> One thing is certain: things can never again be the same as before the offer was made, and for that alone the President of the United States deserves the thanks of mankind. Whatever may be the ultimate effect of the moratorium on international finance—a subject which will need grave consideration by bankers and economists in the future—the whole financial settlement effected at the end of the War is now in the melting pot, and we shall not be surprised if it proves impossible to exclude the political arrangements concluded at the same time. If this be so, the statesmen of Europe will have twelve months' breathing space in which to effect a new settlement, and they will consequently have to devote their energies to something more important than logrolling in preparation for the next meeting of the League of Nations. Theorists, cranks, and faddists of one sort or another have held sway far too long, and by no means the least welcome feature of Mr. Hoover's gesture is that at long last it must inevitably compel the governments of the world to face facts.

The Liberal *Manchester Guardian* expresses similar sentiments:—

> Few people failed to realize that we were living in an impossible world based on impossible treaties that must be drastically altered sooner or later. There is not the slightest doubt that the majority of interested people in most countries regarded the Hoover proposals as the trumpet call that announced the long-expected collapse of a building that had already been condemned by all intelligent observers. They may have been surprised that this change in world policy should occur so suddenly; but most people did regard the proposals as a reversal of policy among the former belligerents. The response of buyers on the markets—which may have been overenthusiastic—showed that it was taken for granted that a corner had been turned.

Another editorial in the same journal comments on the financial implications of the American gesture:—

> The idea had been rapidly developing in the United States that something rotten in European affairs had contributed to the collapse of the American boom, and the losses of unfortunate and misinformed speculators led to a clear idea of realities and responsibilities. As a result of the War the United States had become for the first time a world creditor, without possessing either the experience or the traditions of a creditor nation. The decision to face its world responsibilities is by far the most important step that has been taken by the Hoover Administration.

Lord D'Abernon, writing to the *Daily Telegraph*, interprets the moratorium as a clear recognition by America that monetary causes are responsible for the world depression:—

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> It is now admitted that the undue accumulation of gold in the United States has diminished the buying powers of foreign nations for the purchase of American exports, and has unduly increased the burden of debts due to creditor nations. This diagnosis is quite new for America; financial authorities there have hitherto attributed the slump to overproduction, to excessive armaments, and to political unrest. President Hoover's message is clear proof that monetary causes are now recognized as dominant in the general distress.

The London *Times* also ties up the moratorium with the world credit system in which England is so vitally involved:—

> There is at stake the very basis and maintenance of the international system known as the gold standard, in a world whose members are to-day so linked one with another, so unitedly caught in the vast web of cosmopolitan dealing, that the effect of a collapse of credit at any one of a number of important points can no longer be localized.

Another passage in the same paper summarizes about as well as a few words can the essential significance of what has just occurred: —

> This is a time not only of acute economic depression, but of widespread social unrest, of an unrest that grows by the depression it feeds upon; and where discouragement and distress are deepest the forces of disruption look for their recruits. There are a thousand signs that political stability cannot precede, though it may follow, financial stability, and that the road to peace and to a reasonable assurance of an ordered international life lies by way of economic recovery.

SOME MONTHS AGO we reprinted from the *Week-end Review* Sir Oswald Mosley's programme for a new national policy. This programme was subsequently embodied in an organization known as the 'New Party' that has already enabled the Conservatives to win a by-election from Labor. John Strachey, who entered Parliament as a Laborite but deserted his party in order to follow Sir Oswald into the opposition, has described the progress they have made so far, without, however, referring to their embarrassing start. He defines the New Party's aims as follows:—

> The New Party's whole reason for existence is to express in action the revolt of the nation against present conditions. It is true that that revolt can be joined, and is being joined, by the up-to-date and intelligent working employers. For God knows that present conditions and the economic policy on which the old parties have governed this country have injured these as much as the trade unionist. Both have been pillaged and already half ruined by deflation for the benefit of the most parasitic, least useful, least reputable section of the community.

That the son of the late editor of so conservative a journal as the *Spectator* should sympathize with the 'pillaged' British employer is only natural, and his leader, the son of an owner of an estate of 3,800 acres and the son-in-law of Lord Curzon, feels the same instinctive concern for the

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class into which he was born. Both young men believe in a 'movement of revolt' and call upon 'all that is sound, virile, and clear-sighted in the nation to rebel against the fatal acceptance of inevitable national decline.' What lends some force to their appeal is that the Labor Party itself, born of the working class and representing different interests from those of the Strachey, Mosley, and Curzon families, also 'rejects the catastrophic doctrine of class struggle' and largely for that reason has drifted into its present policy of compromise. There is indeed more than a touch of parlor Bolshevism in the aspirations of the New Party, but its members have a lust for power that may bring them to success. They are free to exploit patriotic emotions to the limit; the Labor Party, on the other hand, exploits the class struggle with only half a heart.

HAVING TAKEN to automobiles more gradually than the Americans, the British are buying nearly as many new cars as they did a year ago and are maintaining more old ones. In the half year from October 1930 to March 1931, 74,814 new automobiles were registered, as against 76,550 for the corresponding period the year before. But the total number of cars licensed has jumped in a year from 804,546 to 839,262 on February 28, 1931, the latest date for which figures are obtainable. Furthermore, in spite of the slight decrease in the number of new cars sold, British manufacturers are now supplying 94 per cent of the domestic market, as against 87 per cent a year ago. Exports have, of course, fallen and so have the sales of high-priced automobiles, but the 'baby' models have done well, and in spite of their low fuel consumption the same amount of gasoline is being used this year as last. The outlook for the British motor industry for the present year is therefore excellent, but the prospects for next year, when Ford is likely to start a price war, are not so good.

JUST WHAT would happen to Germany if the threatened revolution really broke? An article in this issue by F. F. von Unruh gives a disturbing picture of Hitlerite tactics, which may yet become national tactics if we are to believe a report written for the London *Economist* by an English correspondent in Berlin. This visitor expresses the fear that disgruntled members of the middle class, under the leadership of the National Socialists, are more likely to make the actual revolution than disgruntled proletarians under Communist leadership:—

> The Germans to whom I talked—and almost all of them belonged to the moderate middle parties between the two violent extremes—did not seem to regard the distinction [between Communists and Nazis] as very important. 'The

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young men will overthrow the present régime as Nazis and then reign in its stead as Communists,' was a frequent reply. What is in a name? The reality is that, in the present state of Germany, and of the world, the young men of all classes in Germany are in a revolutionary frame of mind, which threatens, by next winter, to express itself in action unless the situation changes in the meantime.

My German informants did, however, distinguish very clearly between the disinherited and exasperated young men of this class and that. The higher the class, the greater the technical qualifications, the deeper the disillusionment. And, accordingly, that majority of people in Germany—and I believe it is still a majority—which dreads revolution is particularly afraid of the *Akademiker*, the young men who have been through the universities to qualify as doctors and lawyers and engineers, and to find themselves stranded as an unemployed intellectual proletariat. These, one hears, will be the spearhead of the revolution—as Hitlerites to-day, as Communists to-morrow, but as revolutionaries day in and day out. They are revolutionaries not because they believe that this revolutionary programme or that will bring them salvation (for that matter, all these programmes are remarkably vague), but because they are frustrated and disillusioned in their own individual life.

Here is an example of the kind of talk that these frustrated and disillusioned young people like to hear. Franz Seldte, leader of the militant *Stahlhelm* (Steel Helmet) organization, is addressing a group of his followers in Prussia:—

Comrades of the *Stahlhelm*, here in the East of Germany, where the so-called victors of Versailles have imposed unbearable conditions on the German nation, the future of our country will be decided. Even the reduced space left to us in the East is threatened by the aggressiveness of Poland, which desires to annex East Prussia and German territory east of the Oder. We will not rest until all the German land that has drunk the blood of innumerable generations of Germans has returned to the Reich.

ITALY now looks like the next country in which serious revolutionary outbreaks can be expected. The Fascist-Papal dispute as to the education of the young indicates that serious conflicts are going on beneath the surface, and foreign observers, who are able to express themselves freely, report that the Government is resorting to more repressive measures than it used in 1924 and 1925, when it was struggling to establish itself. Johannes P. Freden, writing to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes the trial of Roberto Bauer and Professor Ernesto Rossi, who were sent to prison for thirty years because they organized a democratic-republic movement. The atmosphere was said to be that of a revolutionary tribunal, a court martial, and a special session rolled into one, but what particularly impressed the German observer was that the prisoners were confined in a large iron cage throughout the trial. A correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation* gives many more details about the atrocities now com-

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mitted by the Fascisti. Political murders have been resumed and the fate of those committed to prison is scarcely more enviable. Some three thousand political prisoners are constantly in jail and many supposedly free citizens are shadowed by detectives who open their mail and tap their telephone wires. According to the same observer, Rome and Florence are the only two cities where even foreigners can keep open house to non-Fascists, whereas a year ago much more liberty existed. The outer world does not hear of these outrages and has grown so accustomed to them, anyway, that the present recrudescence of violence has not attracted as wide attention as it should.

SPAIN'S ELECTIONS indicated that for the time being, at any rate, the country will go its own way and not that of Russia. The Republicans are in the saddle, but they are certain to fall out among themselves, as the antagonism between the Socialists and Syndicalists increases. The former group, like the Social Democrats in Germany, are the chief bulwarks against disorder; the latter, although officially disclaimed by Moscow, correspond to the Communist element in other European countries. Most of the Socialist strength lies in Madrid; most of the Syndicalist strength in Barcelona. The Madrid correspondent of the London *Times* describes the activities of the Syndicalists as follows:—

> They are boldly disputing the leadership of the masses in the greatest stronghold of the Socialists—the mine fields of Asturias. In Catalonia their organization is supreme and it is making rapid progress elsewhere. Andalusia is considered to be an especially promising field—shared with the avowed Communists—for its activities. The Syndicalist forces at one time equaled those of the Socialists, but they were so severely reduced that they almost disappeared. Now the Syndicalists are making desperate efforts to outstrip their rivals.

The *New Statesman and Nation* says that 'the workers are quite unlikely to be satisfied by a middle-class revolution' and that 'the historical Syndicalism of Spain could be readily utilized for Bolshevist purposes.' The editor of the *Saturday Review* also fears the worst:—

> If previous experience be any guide, it will take Spain three or four years to recover from its present revolutionary ardor, and long before the expiration of that period there will, in all probability, be a civil war in the Peninsula and a serious outbreak in Morocco. Indeed, there is every sign that both these scourges are about to be let loose on the unhappy country, and I sincerely trust that in respect of the Moroccan situation the three powers concerned, namely, Great Britain, France, and Italy, are considering a common policy to be adopted when the control of Madrid over the Spanish zone breaks down.

The attitude of the Syndicalists is well expressed by Angel Pestaña of Barcelona, who remarked in an interview in *El Sol*:—

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We do not believe that state communism, at least as it exists in Russia, is a solution. We are far from Moscow's dogma, the dogma of the Third International. The workers must be educated for liberty and not for tyranny. One hears constantly of the dictatorship of the proletariat. We do not want the conception of dictatorship to seep into the masses of the proletariat, because it would make them incapable, on the day that they triumph, of freeing themselves. The syndicate is the solution. People do not yet understand the greatness that lies in syndical organizations. Perhaps we do not even understand it ourselves.

Spain has had her political revolution. Now she must undergo her social revolution. Russia has initiated a cycle of social revolutions, but in my opinion she has failed because her social forms are derived excessively from political ones. The syndicates are the forces that should make a social revolution, and they have sufficient doctrine and organization to do so.

THE COLLAPSE of the Austrian Credit-Anstalt brought to an end thirteen years after the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Empire a banking institution that came into being thirteen years before that Empire was established. Refusing French assistance, which was offered only at the price of impossible political concessions, the Credit-Anstalt was saved by the Bank of England before its obligations were taken over by the state. Thus Austria's hopeless position is again revealed to all the world. Although the Credit-Anstalt did 70 per cent of the entire banking business of the country, it could not maintain itself. The Socialists, and even the bourgeois Christian Socialists, did little to assist private banking in Austria, while the Succession States, in which the Credit-Anstalt was heavily interested before the War, gradually withdrew from its control. In other words, the financial organization of the old Empire could not be preserved on the relics of a pre-war credit system, indicating that the Treaty of Saint-Germain signed the economic as well as the political doom of Austria.

THE defeat of former Prime Minister Maniu in the Rumanian elections will either make or break King Carol. Wearied by the vain efforts of the National Peasant Party to overcome the depression and manipulated at the polls by the Government *bloc* that conducted the election, comparatively few voters turned out and those who did supported M. Argetoianu, a man who has belonged to almost every political party there is and who will establish a virtual dictatorship administered by King Carol and himself. *Le Temps*, commenting on the outcome, remarks:—

Whatever government is in power at Bucharest, whatever domestic fluctuations may occur between men and parties, Rumanian policy will continue to affirm itself in the sphere to which it was assigned by those who made greater Rumania. In other words, it will be based on agreement with France, permanent

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coöperation with Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia in the Little Entente, and defensive alliance with Poland.

Reading between the lines, one gathers that the French Foreign Office is a little anxious—and with reason.

In an editorial entitled 'Rumania, a Regrettable Position,' the *Statist* of London gives this cheerless picture of the present plight of the Rumanian farmer:—

> Farmers generally, far from being able to pay off the loans, have not been and are now still less capable of meeting the interest upon those loans, and although in many cases lenders have endeavored to meet their debtors and to consider a reduction in interest provided the principal is secured, it has been discovered that the total assets available do not equal the nominal values of the mortgages or anything like the amounts that have been actually advanced. In the result, it has been found impossible either to foreclose or to obtain interest on the loans. Practically, the peasant cannot borrow because he cannot pay the interest on the loans he already owes. The mortgagee, on the other hand, cannot foreclose because there are no buyers to take the farms if they are offered for sale.

The *New Statesman and Nation* prophesies that if economic conditions do not improve King Carol 'will be lucky if he escapes as lightly as Don Alfonso.'

BULGARIA'S general election, involving the defeat of the Democratic Entente government headed by Premier Liaptcheff that had been in power for eight years, means that the conservative middle class has been routed by the more radical and nationalistic peasants. Riding in to power on the strength of having broken Stambuliski's peasant dictatorship in 1923, the Democratic Entente gradually became more unpopular because of its constant suppression of the agrarian elements, whose radical propensities it very much exaggerated. But it took the world depression to break completely the grip that the Democratic Entente had established, and the defeat of the government at elections watched over by its own members is therefore most significant. In the last Parliament the Democratic Entente held 173 seats, the opposition groups only 85; in the new Parliament it holds 62 seats and the National Bloc 152. The future will witness less counterrevolutionary zeal, and Bulgarian foreign policy will continue to flirt with both France and Italy.

WE REFERRED here last month to the first volume of Justice Feetham's report on the International Settlement at Shanghai and pointed out that his interpretation of the facts, to which that volume was solely devoted, would inevitably lead him to uphold the extraterri-

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toriality rights now enjoyed by foreigners when he came to write his second volume of recommendations. To the surprise of nobody this prophecy is fulfilled, and he says, in part:—

> So far as security depends on protection . . . if the present international status . . . gave place to a charter granted by the Chinese Government . . . the Settlement could no longer rely on the active assistance of foreign powers, which have in past emergencies come to its aid . . . and the withdrawal of this security might involve very serious consequences.

The Justice does, however, look forward to 'the termination of the existing Settlement régime and the handing over of the actual administration to Chinese control.' But the reforms must come gradually, and he suggests that the Chinese be prepared for eventual responsibility by being allowed to have a taxpayers' meeting of their own in addition to the annual meeting now held by foreigners only. He also indicates other municipal activities in which the Chinese should participate more actively, without, however, being allowed to secure actual control. It should be remembered that the Council which invited Justice Feetham to make his report includes among its fourteen members five Chinese and that they voted unanimously to seek his advice.

EVERY TWENTY YEARS the population of India increases by an amount considerably larger than the total population of Germany. Nor is there any indication that the rate of growth will diminish, since birth control is making virtually no progress and infant mortality is declining. The consequence is that the proportion of arable land per inhabitant has dropped in the past fifty years from an acre and a half to an acre, and within twenty years will fall still further to three-quarters of an acre. To the peasants, who comprise 90 per cent of India's population, this will mean something very close to mass starvation, no matter whether British rule is continued or native rule is established. For in India the land is the only source of wealth. Whereas the small European farmer can keep cattle, pigs, or poultry, the Indian is prevented by climate, religion, and lack of markets from using his land for any other purposes than to grow grain and to provide fodder for his single cow. His only cash comes from his surplus crops, and the amount of surplus depends on the amount of land available and the number of mouths to be fed. City life offers few opportunities—there are only 40,000 new industrial jobs a year in the whole country. The one hope, therefore, is to reorganize village life on a more efficient basis. Russia's collective-farm system, which operates in units many thousand times as large as the Indian unit, may be the way out.

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Here are five representative opinions on the greatest event that has happened in Europe since the Armistice. Two Germans, one moderate, the other Communist; two Englishmen, one Conservative, the other Laborite; and one reactionary Frenchman speak their minds.

The Hoover PLAN

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. GERMANY, GO SLOW

By DR. ERICH KRÄMER

Translated from the *Vossische Zeitung*, Berlin Liberal Daily

HOOVER'S ACTION has brought us more than can be expressed in mere figures. The very announcement has saved us from catastrophe. It has stopped the outward flow of money that was bleeding us white. It has banished the atmosphere of international pessimism that was much more dangerous than many of our actual difficulties. In a word, it has transformed the basis of our economic system and given us faith. But enthusiasm does not last forever. The psychological results of this important step will not continue indefinitely. Soon the real changes that it has accomplished will again come to the fore.

During the debt holiday Germany will be saved about one and a half billion marks, three-fourths of which, in other words, 1,125,000,000, will fall within the current fiscal year, which runs from April to April. A sum of this kind is a real beginning, especially when it has been dropped into our laps overnight. Moreover, its assistance will be doubly important because it all applies to payments made abroad, and a pause in these payments represents a real saving to the German economic system, whereas an equally large saving in domestic expenses such as unemployment relief or official salaries would not, from the point of view of our national economic

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system, make any difference, since it would simply mean taking money away from one class of persons and handing it over to another in the form of lower taxation.

Yet one and a half billion marks does not amount to much more than the whole amount of gold and bills of exchange that has poured out of Germany within recent weeks. On the other hand, these exports of gold and bills of exchange do not represent a deficit on our national balance sheet, since they decrease Germany's indebtedness abroad by a like amount. The economic damage they do lies in the fact that they cut down our available supply of capital, which is already so meagre that our economic freedom of action has been seriously hampered. The sum of 1,125,000,000 marks is also less than the financial yield of the emergency decrees, which, as we all know, do not bring in nearly enough revenue to ease our dangerous economic position.

Thus it is evident that America's gift does not give us the slightest excuse for abandoning our policy of Spartan economy, to which we have adhered all too late in the day. The emergency decrees, some details of which we have criticised in these columns, were passed in order to rake together public money at the last minute wherever it could be raised. Nor was this the only purpose of the decrees. They were designed to reveal to ourselves and to the world at large that we had determined to accommodate our way of life to our condition of poverty. It would be disastrous if the hopes that have been raised should cause us to pour the money thus saved into relief work or charity. In spite of Hoover we remain poor as church mice. Of course, urgent appeals can now be advanced to change the emergency decrees, whose unsocial relentlessness descends most heavily upon the masses, and the government will no longer need to veto measures lowering the age limit for unemployment relief or increasing the allowance given for children. Yet the essential financial measures of the emergency decrees must remain in force.

We are still poor as church mice. The emergency decrees have brought to the community at large about enough money to cover the deficits for the current year. It is estimated that the German cities will show a deficit of half a billion marks at the end of the year, on top of the four hundred and fifty million deficit for the previous year. Most of the states are in difficulties, too. Prussia alone had a deficit of two hundred million marks last year and the amount will certainly be no less during the current year. The Reich itself will only barely be able to avoid a deficit with the aid of the emergency decrees, provided the average figure for unemployment does not rise above the estimated total of four and a half million, an assumption that can be proved or disproved with equal ease. As for the expenses that other branches of social insurance involve, especially the payments to the miners' unions and to invalids, we shall say nothing.

The deficits of our various public enterprises are chiefly responsible for the troubles that agitate our whole economic system. These deficits, rather than the difficuties of private business, are preventing us from entering a period of revival. To be sure, private business is in bad shape, but if it were the only source of trouble we should

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have good reason to hope that the low point had already been reached and perhaps passed. With all the gloomy news of recent weeks we have scarcely noticed that since February unemployment has decreased by one million, whereas the decrease over the same period in the previous year was only seven hundred thousand. Some industries making consumers' goods show evidences of considerable improvement, and if this process continues perhaps these reviving industries will be able to save the now completely prostrate industries devoted to producers' goods. But all such hopes must remain illusory until public economy has been put on a sound basis. As long as we are compelled to raise our taxes higher every month or two in order to provide public money, unrest will not disappear. As long as money-hungry finance ministers and deputies fall all over each other for loans, the market for capital, which is the most important element in any recovery, will not be eased.

The Hoover millions are not enough to stop all leaks. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we should not squander them in small quantities but that they should be set aside and used where they will do the most good to the economic system as a whole. It will not be possible or advisable to pay off all public short-term loans at once, and it would be even more of a mistake to prolong artificially the existence of states that are unfit to survive. It is, however, supremely important to put our public house in order so that we shall be able to cure ourselves with our own resources. Then if there is any money left over we shall decide after careful investigation of our sources of production what particular industries shall be set in motion. Any industries whose calculations have been upset by the stoppage of deliveries in kind will have the first claim, and their production should be maintained at as high a level as possible.

But when petitioners again begin lining up in front of the finance minister's office they must be consoled, when their requests are refused, by the information that they will profit more from an unsubsidized general revival than they would if they were given any number of millions and the stagnation were to continue. The crisis of purging German private business has not yet come to an end. A lot more rubbish must be disposed of before we are able to build on solid ground. Business must help itself first of all. The state's duty is to create the opportunity.

II. Through Communist Eyes

Translated from the *Rote Fahne*, Berlin Communist Daily

THE SECRET of the White House has been aired. The genius of Hoover has revealed itself. The new plan of American millionaires to make the world happy has appeared in the light of day. The German middle-class press beats its drums in celebration. *Vorwärts*, the Social Democratic organ, heaves a sigh of relief. Only the toiling masses, oppressed and miserable, ask, 'What next?' Can the action of Hoover overcome or even mitigate

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the world crisis of capitalism? Can it forestall the catastrophe that threatens? Can it lessen the misery of the toiling masses? Can it solve the reparations problem?

All these questions must be answered with a loud and emphatic 'No!' On the contrary, the action of Hoover will increase the world economic crisis. It will place new intolerable burdens upon the masses. It will intensify the struggle for markets and raw materials. It will increase all international rivalries. It will bring the crisis of the Young Plan system to a head. 'America has spoken. World economics will be reformed.' So proclaims the *Vossische Zeitung* triumphantly, but what has really happened?

Two different motives caused Hoover to act. The first is the fear of the big American financiers that they will lose the many millions they have invested in Germany and that a catastrophe will bring down not only the German banking magnates and industrial barons but the whole German capitalist system, dragging American money into the same abyss. The second motive is that America hopes by a sudden move of this kind to open up European markets to its products and thus to dispose of the surplus goods that have been piling up higher and higher until they are now threatening to destroy the whole American system.

By delaying the payments, America is trying to check the steady flow of money into Wall Street and to set huge quantities of accumulated capital into motion. The stoppage of payments in German goods, which are included in the moratorium, will supposedly open up Western Europe to American exports. But the shrinkage in the deliveries of German goods will not ease the markets of the European creditor nations. On the contrary, they will be deprived of large quantities of cheap raw products and threatened with a new danger in the form of American competitors who will first try to replace German goods with their own and then push their fight still further. To capitalistic Germany the Hoover plan means immediate intensification of the economic crisis, loss of foreign markets, and the necessity of urgent measures to lower production costs in order to meet competitors and to make payments on private international borrowings, since such payments are not to be discontinued or diminished under the moratorium.

About 650,000,000 marks' worth of German exports have been going into reparations payments, and German industry must, if the Hoover plan succeeds, make equivalent sales on the domestic market. For Hoover has blocked the way to Western Europe. If, however, exports could be maintained at their present figure a new general offensive would have to be launched against the German working class. Thus the capitalist system works in a vicious circle. Hoover's action, intended to open a breach for American exports, actually intensifies the capitalist crisis in Germany and increases the struggle for world markets.

What does Hoover's action do for capitalistic Germany? What does it do for the toiling masses?

Hoover's offer, by providing that for one year Germany shall pay no reparations except interest on private loans, releases her from the payment of 1,500,000,000 marks for the current

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year. But Germany actually pays a much higher annual tribute than this. If we include the enormous interest payments on private loans that have been raised abroad, the total payments amount to 3,500,000,000 marks, leaving 2,000,000,000 still to be paid.

Does the Hoover plan mean revision of the Young Plan? Not at all. On the contrary, it will hinder Young Plan revision. It is supposed to patch up the shaky Young Plan system and make it strong again. It will not diminish the burdens under the Young Plan, which are crushing the breath of life out of the German people. It will not torpedo the emergency tax decrees. It will oppress the German workingman with even greater burdens than the Dawes Plan or the Young Plan laid upon him. Brüning's official newspaper, *Germania*, makes this open comment:—

'The Hoover offer does not solve the reparations question in the slightest and the postponement of payments for one year does not guarantee that German finances will be put in order. On the contrary, we must use this single year of so-called rest with all our strength. We must do everything we can to improve domestic conditions and put our house in order. The German people cannot loaf with their hands in their pockets. Their sacrifices will be in no way diminished.'

'The great decisive year has begun,' exclaims the jubilant *Vossische Zeitung*, and all the other German bourgeois papers strike the same note. Well and good. The great year of decision has begun, but how this decision will be reached does not concern Hoover, or Brüning either. It concerns the plundered, subjugated masses in Germany and throughout the world who cannot let themselves be bled any more.

III. 'To Redress the Balance of the Old'

From *The Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

WE HAVE TRIED for some time to impress upon our readers without seeming to be alarmists the gravity with which we regarded the financial position of Germany, knowing that a crash there must mean disaster throughout the world. The collapse of the Reich was more immediately imminent than we knew; indeed, we are told that it would have come by now but for the events of June 20, a day to be remembered in treasuries and banks as the date of an event the most dramatic we can remember in the history of finance.

We have had twelve years of conferences, from the Peace Conference in Paris to the last conference on reparations at the Hague. Each has been followed by some tentative scheme, emanating from Paris, Brussels, Genoa, London, Berlin, or the Hague. The members of the conferences after moments of despair have been so thankful to get any scheme accepted on paper that they seemed pleased with the result of their labors; really their satisfaction only amounted to relief at being able to breathe again, for the wiser heads gave none of these schemes many years of life. Put more sordidly it amounted to this: at Paris the convicted prisoner was sentenced to a maximum penalty that

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could be reduced if found intolerable, but could not be increased after pronouncement, a natural enough course at that time, provided that a sense of justice entered into the administration of the Reparations Commission. The Dawes and the Young schemes were devised to remove some straws from the camel's back; to leave as many as he could bear; for it is bad business to let your debtor die. Occasionally gleams of better feeling and better sense appeared, and we are glad that it was Great Britain which hinted that war debts would be better canceled, for trade and finance were clogged at every turn by the burdens and by the need to transfer interest in volume hitherto unheard of from one country and one currency to another. We, as heavy debtors to the United States, were decently diffident about proposing any scheme for cancellation. Lord Balfour risked the blame for meanly putting the odium for debt-collecting on to others when he announced that we would collect only so much from our debtors as our creditors demanded from us. Some eyes were opened by this act, but no change followed. The United States, as we think would now be admitted there, confused rather than cleared the position by insisting that war debts, which were their concern, must not be mixed up with reparations, which were not their concern. Americans were also unsympathetic, partly with justice, partly from ignorance rather than ill will, in their belief that Europe consisted of incorrigible squabblers who refused to lay down their arms. And the United States alone could initiate a change.

Some of us thought that the advent of Mr. Hoover to the White House would mean a change. Here at last was a President who knew Europe before, during, and after the War; he would understand. But misfortune dogged his Administration and seemed to give him little chance; indeed, less and less chance, as his Treasury deficit and the need for higher taxation loomed larger. But, when the position of Germany was plainly put before him as desperate, he decided to take action. He did it with great courage and great sense. Having collected what political support he could at the moment, he uttered his proposal that all payments on account of war debts should stop on July 1 for a year. The effect was immediate and world-wide. Those sensitive reflectors of opinion, the stock exchanges of the world, seemed to come to life on Monday morning after a catalepsy. Hope, so long deferred, has returned like Astræa to the earth. We may well rejoice and thank Heaven that Mr. Hoover has been inspired to his action, for we are escaped, like Job, with the skin of our teeth.

THE imponderables, credit, confidence, courage, good will, are with us again, and their aid in restoring the world cannot be gotten for gold. But we shall apply that aid the better if we realize in what difficulties it is likely to be needed. In the United States, first of all, Congress is not due to be summoned for six months. Its members are very jealous of their great authority. Their first natural thought will be that the President has rushed ahead, counting on their duly following him. A Democratic president, Mr. Wilson, had a bitter lesson, which broke his heart, when the

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Senate asserted itself. Should Mr. Hoover, too, be taught that though the Constitution gives the president far more personal power than has, say, the sovereign of the United Kingdom, yet he must not play the tyrant? But if the trade of the world improves, as we hope, and if, in particular, the prices of wheat, cotton, and so forth, rise and remain profitable to American producers, the sting will be taken out of the reproaches of Mr. Hoover's opponents.

In Europe the proposal has been heartily welcomed. Germany breathes again. But a respite from death does not provide the means of living: Germany must have loans or credits on which to live and work. Hope for the future must prevail over the feeling that the large loans that she has already had from the United States and elsewhere are enough for the lenders to put into that basket. Italy, though she would be a loser by Mr. Hoover's proposal, for she is a slightly larger creditor than she is a debtor, yet welcomes it. She is right, whether from magnanimity or from an expectation of indirect gain. We only regret that she is inclined to make a political reservation against the *Anschluss*. She wants Austria as a peculiar market of her own, and fears to lose it by Austria's absorption within the German Reich. France, too, has spoken well, but she is a substantially greater creditor than she is a debtor. The loss of the difference due to her is large enough to upset a budget. She may plead that excuse for demanding that difference.

As for Great Britain, our political leaders have blessed the scheme. It means a loss to us because we receive from reparations, over and above what we claim under the 'Balfour Note,' a comparatively small sum in respect of the large sums paid by us in excess of receipts before that note was thought of. We cannot yet say what will be done about the debts of the Dominions to us. Would Mr. Hoover reckon them as international public debts, or as private, intra-imperial arrangements, not to be brought within his scheme?

We are not careful to look now beyond July 1932. We will only say this, that Mr. Hoover for his own good reasons expressly avoided any use of the word 'cancellation,' in proposing his moratorium for war debts. Austria's reparations, to which she was condemned at St. Germain, were canceled without any serious effort to extract one year's payment. Germany, who talked arrogantly during the War of victory followed by a proud position among a ring of tribute-paying nations, has for twelve years been learning what it was that she meant to impose upon us all. We ask, is it not enough? And in spite of the loud, coarse, and truculent shouting of German minorities who will never learn anything, we are inclined to answer thus: if the obviously great difficulties of reimposing the payment of reparations after a moratorium prove to be insuperable, we shall not be sorry; the consideration of them should not prevail over Mr. Hoover's proposal. If it is true that in twelve years we have not taught their lesson to those who are capable of learning it, then let us give up trying to teach it. If they have learned it, there is no need to go on teaching it; and as the years pass the justification for exacting tribute from other motives grows fainter and fainter.

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IV. Is a Crash Inevitable?

By H. N. Brailsford

From the *New Leader*, London Left-Wing Labor Weekly

THE WORLD relaxing, after Mr. Hoover's proposal to suspend for a year the payment of international debts, has furnished a most interesting spectacle. One was tempted to visualize it: an almost happy leviathan wallowing on its back and waving its slack limbs in the air. The stock exchanges on both shores of the Atlantic gave themselves up to a febrile little boom, and the discreeter sort of journalist began to divulge his knowledge of the dangers we had all escaped. I do not think that we in this country had realized how near the capitalist structure of Western Europe and even of America had come to a crash.

America, in spite of her distance and her tradition of isolation, perceived more sharply than we did what was happening. Life is, in this island on the whole, so comfortable; the mass of our population is so pleasantly absorbed in its sports and amusements, with an occasional murder trial to break the monotony, that we realize with difficulty the possibility that anything of much moment can ever happen. In this country we are too well bred for that kind of thing. At the worst one marks a slow tendency toward decline. Elsewhere men expect revolutions.

One evening last week I was made to realize how near the crash might be. A friend had come to see me who is a valued and regular contributor to a well-known German liberal newspaper. I happen to know its editor, an able man, whose chief characteristics are militant courage and buoyant optimism. My visitor was talking about a series of articles that he is writing. Before he quitted Germany he was arranging for its continuance. 'I can take four articles in July,' said the editor. 'And what about August?' asked my friend. 'In August where shall we be?' was the answer.

I invite the reader to test himself: does he guess what the editor meant? I will confess that I only just understood. He meant that he expected, in or about August, the coming to power of a Fascist ('Nazi') dictatorship. The first thing it would do would be to suppress all newspapers of the left, first among them this particular paper, which does not compromise. The editor lived peering over the edge of a precipice, and beyond July he would not commit himself.

We went on talking, and my visitor gave me little outline sketches of the behavior of his friends in this sultry weather. Herr A was investing all his money in Holland; Frau B, a rather reckless and patriotic lady, would not send good German money out of the country; what she did was to sell her stocks and shares, and with the proceeds she bought an immense, luxurious car, for which she had no use. It would be safer than stocks or a bank balance when the crash came.

I had seen Germans behaving in this way during the depreciation of the mark. It would drop by some tens of thousands to the pound while one sat at supper, and the waiter would come round and raise the prices of the dishes on the menu card. At

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that time anyone who had a few thousand marks in his pocket would rush to change them into something less perishable. The thrifty bought diamonds and furs. 'And that,' said my visitor, 'is exactly the atmosphere once more to-day. No one feels secure for a month ahead.'

That, in its trivial human detail, is precisely what one gathers from the dry statistics that appear in the press. One reads of the transfer of money, in astronomical figures, from Berlin to safer places. It is now divulged that the crash nearly came on June 16. The Ministry was passing through a crisis with its supporting parties, rather severer than the customary upheaval, and the Reichsbank dared not lend until it was over. Failing a loan, however, none of the public employees of the national or local administrations could have been paid.

Reserves were sinking till they were touching the legal limit, and that meant that when business firms asked for an overdraft on pay day, it would have been refused. It seems to have been the bankruptcy of the main Austrian bank, the Credit-Anstalt (which during these years of depression had eaten up all the weaker banks), which hastened the crisis in Berlin. It was averted only just in time by a £4,000,000 loan from the Bank of England, after Paris had made its support dependent on unacceptable political conditions. But, indeed, Germany's case is so precarious, both financially and politically, that every tremor that the seismograph records, whether the earth shakes to left or right, sets the watchers asking whether the rocking fabric can survive. What could one expect, when less than half of the organized workers are in full work and one in three is wholly unemployed? The German 'dole,' be it remembered, averages a mere 11*s.* a week, and may be as little as 5*s.*

FOR the moment, one supposes, Mr. Hoover's wise action has averted the crash, and German editors may order articles for the autumn. One assumes that the proposal will be accepted; the world knows its danger too well. It means a loss to the American Treasury of some £48,000,000, which will have to come out of taxes, in a year that already shows a deficit of a billion dollars. The alternative was to face the loss of the hundreds of million pounds that Americans have invested in Germany. To grasp what that would mean as a social and political fact, one must realize that in America the habit of investing is general; even teachers and typists and the better-paid manual workers do it, and play at speculation as we play at cricket.

America has bought shares in Europe, and this is the first instance of what has been foreseen: her stake in the Old World will compel her to intervene, at first spasmodically, at length systematically. The occasional savior will become the conscious manager. The world is ruled by its money-lenders, and before many years or months are over Wall Street will be dictating to the Continent, exactly as the City has been dictating to Australia.

Leviathan does not perceive that aspect of the matter during his first joyful wallowings. He does not realize (to use the Scriptural phrase about him) that he has been 'bound with cords.' Mr. Hoover is much too wise

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to make explicit conditions. That is unnecessary. As the year of jubilee runs on and nears its close, Europe will be asking what she must do to avoid the full burden of the tribute in the next twelve months.

Whether France will fall into line remains to be seen. She stands to lose about £20,000,000 by the proposal, while our loss will be a trifle of £12,000,000. If she balks, we are not, perhaps, the people who should criticise her. We applauded Mr. Snowden when he haggled for our pound of flesh at the Hague. We may, however, remind the French that they have all but escaped the scourge of unemployment that has fallen on the Germans, the Americans, and ourselves.

They may have hoped by their project of a United States of Europe to avoid this kind of dependence on American initiative, but they spoiled the prospects of their plan by building it too obviously on French political leadership and the maintenance of the intolerable Versailles model. A Europe that insists on ruining herself by reparations, armaments, and tariffs is bound to fall under the leadership of the more fortunate continent.

We have been granted a breathing space. It will test our ability to think. The burden of debt, international and national, is driving the Old World perceptibly toward revolution. The normal burden is mischievous enough, but when it is aggravated by a variable monetary standard, which is capable within two years of raising the creditors' claims by thirty per cent, revolt has become inevitable. A fresh turn of the screw will drive one or another of the less docile debtors to desperation.

The evil is far wider than reparations or intergovernmental debts. It ranges over every form of capitalistic tribute, from the City's claims, which are strangling the weaker Dominions, to our own war debt, which holds us back from any constructive national effort. Sooner or later the eyes of some of the sufferers will stray toward Russia, with the question whether they also might not shake off this tribute and free themselves by one rough break from the past.

As usual, there are comparatively easy remedies at hand if the short-sighted self-interest of the ruling classes (which means the creditor classes) and the lending empires would allow the world to adopt them. A general scaling down of all these fixed tributes (from reparations to war loans, debentures, and rents) by 30 or 25 per cent would reduce the creditors' claims to the level at which they stood two years ago.

If wages must come down in sympathy with the drop in prices, why, in the name of common sense, should the *rentier's* tribute escape? The same end might be achieved, rather clumsily, by a supertax. But when once the world has perceived that there is danger in debt might it not go on to a general and concerted action of this kind, and boldly write 15*s.* for every 20*s.* claim? Simpler still, if we could dictate to the banks, would be a monetary operation by which prices (and the value of gold) would be brought back to the level that obtained before the slump.

The intelligent person of a reformist temperament, who dislikes catastrophes and prefers to evade fundamental issues, can always do what I am doing, and propose mild methods of this kind, which might avert the otherwise inevitable crash. They have a certain

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theoretic interest. One knows very well that they will not be adopted. Mr. Hoover has acted as intelligent money-lenders always have acted since the Mosaic law instituted a year of jubilee.

Unless they are stark fools, they will always grant a delay, but it is on the understanding that when the victim has made blood again and put on flesh the process of bleeding shall recommence. We shall be told to spend less on armaments—in order that we may have more wherewith to pay our creditors. It may be good advice, but, looking round the world, the debtors perceive that each of the two chief creditors retains a supreme navy.

V. Speaking for France

By Pierre Bernus

Translated from the *Journal des Débats*, Paris Conservative Daily

THE MORE one reflects the more one is stupefied by the initiative of Mr. Hoover. The methods of the so-called new diplomacy are disconcerting and, we may add, disturbing. Noisy and brutal, taking no account of the best-established rights, they reduce to nothingness agreements that have resulted from the most meticulous study and the most serious negotiation. The Dawes Plan functioned well, but had the fault of being provisional, since it did not establish the amortization and payment of the reparations at fixed amounts. To help Germany and at the same time to assure its creditors of a lasting arrangement the Young Plan replaced it, and France has already made the largest sacrifices on this score. Yet without so much as bothering to consult the most interested country, without even giving any warning of his intentions, the President of the United States addresses to the world at large a kind of message with which he literally torpedoes the Young Plan. No one can tell us that such procedure is correct, or that it serves the cause of moral or material peace. The obvious fact is that it favors those governments that do not want to respect their engagements and that see in permanent blackmail the means of unloading their burdens on other shoulders.

There is no reason why diplomatic courtesy should make us speak what is not the truth. Many of our newspapers believe it necessary to say that Mr. Hoover's proposals are generous, at the same time subjecting them to fair criticism. Of course the United States is powerful, but that is no reason why we should not frankly say what we think. That is no excuse for ascribing generous motives to a movement that is prompted by quite different emotions. The Washington Government thinks that the annulment of the Young Plan, for that is what we are coming to, would yield advantages to American business and would save the money that American capitalists have invested in such great quantities in Germany. It would have been quite a different story if it had offered to suspend payments on inter-Allied debts and had thus automatically granted Germany a moratorium on its conditional payments. But the propo-

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sition made was that the whole reparations system should cease to function at the same time: with even an air of grace the new plan disposes of money that is owed to the countries who suffered most from the War.

In order to induce us to resign ourselves to these conditions, a very specious argument is brought forward. We are told that France, in the event of a moratorium on the conditional annuities alone, would have to deposit in the Bank of International Settlements five hundred million marks and that the sacrifice actually being demanded for the next twelve months is therefore really not so very large in comparison. This is true, and it is extraordinary that our negotiators allowed such a clause to be inserted in the Young Plan. But the serious thing is that the contrivance devised by Mr. Hoover, who is suppressing the mechanism established by the Young Plan, tends to destroy the Plan itself.

But this will be very good indeed, proclaim some critics who never reflect before they write or speak and who go on to argue that inter-Allied debts and reparations will have to be annulled simultaneously. But one must have a very curious kind of mind to rejoice at such a prospect. The conditional German annuities precisely equal the amount of money paid by Allied creditors to the United States, and, if the slate were wiped clean of these two items alone, we should indeed have cause to rejoice. But this correct kind of liquidation is not all that we are being asked to accept. We French are also being asked to abandon our part of the reparations, the unconditional portion. Should this stage be reached we should witness the highly moral and comforting spectacle of France succumbing under the weight of enormous debts that we contracted to repair territory ravaged by the invader, whereas Germany, with almost no domestic debt, would be freed from making any payments abroad. Thus all the consequences of the War would fall on the country that was the victim of aggression.

What nation will profit by this lovely operation implicit in the Hoover proposition? A nation whose finances were administered with a prodigality and lack of scruple that scandalized Mr. Parker Gilbert, whose warnings served no purpose and who, moreover, is probably now converted to the ideas of his Government, just like Mr. Young, who does not hesitate to trample on his child, of whom he had so many nice things to say only two years ago. This nation, moreover, is openly preparing to use every means to attack the political organization of Europe. If it wins the war financially, it will also enjoy every expectation of political victory, and, since its ambitions are immense and since it covets neighboring territory on every side, all this unfortunately will not be accomplished without violence. A spirit of madness is blowing over the world. Everywhere, under the pretext of guaranteeing peace, aid is being brought to those who are working for war.

Many errors over many years have placed us in an uncomfortable position. All the more reason, then, for seeking some readjustment at once. Nothing obliges us to accept everything that has been demanded of us. By giving way always we have compromised our essential interests and not gained anything in the way of consideration. The moment has come to show the world that we still exist.

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To abolish neutrality during war is Count Wladimir d'Ormesson's proposal as the next step after the Hoover Moratorium. A stimulating discussion by a prophet with honor at home and abroad.

After *the* Moratorium

By WLADIMIR D'ORMESSON

Translated from *L'Europe Nouvelle*
Paris Internationalist Weekly

ON the sixth of last February, when I published in *L'Europe Nouvelle* a plan for Franco-American coöperation designed to remedy the alarming situation in Germany and to create the conditions necessary for a policy of collaboration and international security, I was fully convinced that my idea would eventually take shape because there is only one way of being right. But I confess I did not dare to hope that it would take shape so soon. It is therefore hardly surprising that I smile to-day when I remember all the criticism, sarcasm, and opposition that I encountered four months ago. 'Chimeras,' people said to me. 'Utopian.' 'Improvised diplomacy.' 'Absurd initiative.' 'How can a man who pretends to be a realist launch such foolish nonsense?' 'How can M. d'Ormesson, who is well posted on American affairs, fail to recognize that the United States Government, suffering as it is from a budget deficit, is further than ever from granting even a small reduction to its creditors?'

Replying to all the criticisms that were addressed to me after my plan was published, I wrote the following lines, which appeared in *L'Europe Nouvelle* on the 21st of February. In the light of what has happened in the past few weeks, I may be permitted to recall them:—

'First of all, I have been reproached for having brought the United States into the affair. The chief objection that has been made to my proposition is that it is a blow in the air, since the United States will not wish to have anything to do with the matter. But if I brought in the United States, I did so because we can accomplish nothing without the United States. The economic and financial difficulties

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with which we are struggling on both sides of the Atlantic are interlocked. They form a complex, indivisible whole. As a result of intense unemployment, the ignorant German masses regard the reparations question from a political and not a technical point of view. Reparations are playing an essential part in mass psychology, and they cannot be settled without close coöperation between France and the United States.

'It is absolutely necessary for the Germans to know this and for the Americans to understand it, and, since it is the truth, why not proclaim it? Just because I am utterly convinced that our future safeguards lie there and nowhere else, I have demanded of the United States, not a one-sided effort, but efforts parallel to those of France. Furthermore, I have specified that we can act only through some provisional arrangement, and should not commit ourselves to a future that no one can now foresee.

'We are undergoing a severe crisis which, if prolonged, threatens to sweep away whatever reason and stability remain in Germany. We are all interested—for the United States has invested billions more than we have in Germany—in the victory of order over demagogy. Will the United States turn a deaf ear to this appeal? Possibly, but not certainly. Though I may not believe in the logic of human beings, I believe in the logic of facts. Three years ago, when I urged that a committee of experts meet to decide the questions left open by the Dawes Plan, important people said to me, "Why have you put forward this idea? The time is not yet ripe. The Americans will not collaborate." A few months later the experts had forgathered, presided over by Mr. Owen Young.'

As I say, I have not been able to keep from smiling as I have thought of all the sarcasm my suggestion met with in certain French quarters. But I find myself erasing the word 'smiling' and writing the word 'sighing' in its place. For, considered quite apart from any personal motives and solely from the point of view of our national interests, the turn that events are taking has made me regret more than ever that the plan I suggested was not given consideration and that we failed to take the initiative at the opportune moment.

CONSIDER what has happened. First of all, M. Jules Sauerwein has written these lines in *Le Matin:* 'We gain no political advantage in consequence of a sacrifice that we have consented to make under heavy political pressure applied by Mr. Hoover and without any initiative of our own. The Germans will not recognize our action as a gesture of conciliation on our part, but will say, on the contrary, that America deserves all the credit and that we were constrained and forced to march in her train.'

I entirely agree with M. Sauerwein, and it is precisely for this reason that France would have reaped immense political advantage if she had negotiated openly on the proposal I made, which embodied an idea that was certain to be applied anyway, sooner or later.

In the second place, if we had acted early in February as I suggested, at a time when psychological circumstances were in our favor,—for at that moment all of Germany was turning in

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our direction,—we should have won over to our side the whole of German public opinion, which is so malleable, so mobile, and so impressionable. We should have established Franco-German relations on an entirely new basis and I hardly need to add that we should have thus prevented any possible customs union between Austria and Germany.

Thirdly, my plan of financial cooperation limited the damage considerably and conformed much more closely to our interests than President Hoover's proposal. I suggested a fifty-per-cent reduction for two years on war-debt payments and conditional and unconditional reparations, not including, of course, private debts, whereas the moratorium of one year offered by President Hoover applies to all payments on debts and reparations.

By giving up fifty per cent of the reparations we should have lost 980,000,000 francs, whereas the Hoover proposal costs us twice that amount. A hole of 980,000,000 francs in our budget could have been filled by rigorous economies, notably in the military field, which ought to be put into effect anyway in the near future. But a deficit of two billions in our budget will not be easy to meet, especially under present financial circumstances.

In the fourth place, although it seems politic to diminish temporarily the weight of German reparations at a time when an unprecedented economic crisis has descended upon the world in general and upon Germany in particular, it is, on the other hand, perhaps too much of a good thing to suspend all reparation charges, since Germany and Germany alone will benefit from the American gesture. The German economic system would have been relieved of a weight of about 900,000,000 marks if my suggestion had been adopted, and that sum was quite large enough. For various reasons it is necessary that the Germans should feel that they are understood and supported in the struggle they are now undergoing, but they must also realize the necessity of helping themselves. Furthermore, it is perhaps really dangerous to hand over so much money to the Germans, since it may rapidly lead them to pursue an irresponsible foreign policy, while their creditors will have to bear all the expenses.

For these reasons and for others that I have not time to enumerate, it is distressing that we did not act constructively and boldly when the time was ripe. Is it not remarkable that the French, who always insist that the offensive is the best defense in military matters, obstinately refuse to apply this principle in the political field? Isn't it extraordinary that they should regard political imagination as a scandal and that they don't understand that, if one fails to act at the opportune moment, one is acted upon? The plan I outlined in *L'Europe Nouvelle* was not dictated by any chimerical vision of Utopia. It kept in view certain eventualities and risks and merely attempted to discover some concrete method of dealing with them. Do we understand this fact even to-day?

My plan did not systematically tie up a temporary reduction of debt and reparation payments with reduction of military expenses in the various interested nations, notably France and Germany, but the second part of my plan did indicate that some such savings might be made to compensate for

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the loss to our budget. And at the same time it provided moral encouragement to the forthcoming international conference on the limitation of armaments.

President Hoover's offer did not identify these two questions either. No doubt he recognized that the financial situation was too serious to be made dependent on military negotiations for which the various countries were not fully prepared. But let us have no illusions on this point. The basic idea of American policy is to identify these two problems in the future and to make the positive solution of one problem depend on the favorable solution of the other. Mr. Hoover indicated this discreetly but quite clearly in the last paragraph of his message. Moreover, the care he took to limit his moratorium to one year proves that he wants the United States to preserve its present position intact until the Geneva conference meets. Thus the United States will have at its disposition an inestimable political force with which to steer the disarmament conference in whatever direction seems most favorable to its interests. That will be the time when the future of debts and reparations will be really decided, as well as any coöperation between America and Europe.

FROM this moment on we must therefore remember that early next year the international problems of armament limitation and reduction of debts and reparations will be linked together indirectly if not directly. This is a certainty for which we must prepare ourselves, not by congealing into a stiff, recalcitrant attitude, but rather by proceeding calmly, coldly, and objectively to examine the situation. Moreover, such a prospect offers us one real advantage: we can now discover the objective toward which we should steer. The whole problem of putting into effect next year a plan of international coöperation is outlining itself before our eyes. For 1932 will mark the decisive turning point in the policy of organizing or disorganizing peace. If we can see clearly and accurately and think reasonably and practically we can finish the work we began ten years ago and the Hoover proposal will give birth in the near future to the real establishment of peace and collaboration between nations.

Let me explain myself. When we discuss the burning topic, not of disarmament,—an incorrect term that leads to dangerous misunderstandings,—but of limitation of armaments, a just phrase consecrated by treaties, we at once waken popular passions and call forth, from both the right and the left, sentimental and even mystical attitudes. I respect these attitudes, but it is impossible to reason on such bases. Let us look at things practically, reasonably.

The problem of limiting armaments is fundamentally very simple, but it is always badly described. Let us establish first of all the principle on which the whole matter rests. At the time in which we are living, faced as we are with grave economic difficulties that oppress the world and that continue to prolong themselves (for we are passing, not through a cyclical crisis, but through a kind of revolution in world economic habits)—faced, moreover, by social charges that are increasing everywhere, it is certain that no state, no matter how

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rich, can spend on armaments sums that are disproportionate to its real resources and to all of its other obligations. All countries spend too much. All are half ruined. All must cut or at least limit their expenses. But there is no way of limiting certain civic, social, and economic expenditures that are already insufficient to meet current needs. Therefore we must limit military expenses and must find a means of doing so without sacrificing our security. Hence the necessity that imposes itself on all nations to adopt practical methods that will reconcile the sacred necessity of individual security with the no less urgent need for budgetary, economic, and social security.

In actual fact we are living in an utterly paradoxical position from the military point of view, and this paradox must be broken by improving our political instruments. We see nations that have completely acquiesced in principle to the reduction of armaments and that have decided to outlaw war, yet these same states continue to impose heavy sacrifices on themselves in order to preserve, maintain, and perfect their powerful military equipment. How can such contradictions be justified? It will be said that each country should provide its own means of defense. True enough, but if one is armed for defense one must have some reason to fear aggression, and if the whole world remains armed because the whole world fears aggression the whole world is either lying or fooling itself. Does the truth lie somewhere between these two extremes? Are some people lying, and some deceiving themselves? Or, to put it more simply, do not all nations breathe a general air of defiance that prevents them from being logical with each other? Fear, universal fear, is one of the preponderant elements in that persistent modern phenomenon known as militarism.

'I don't disarm,' says one person to himself, 'because I am afraid that my neighbor would profit from the opportunity to attack me.' 'Since my neighbor might profit by attacking me,' reflects the other, 'I shall not disarm either.' 'Disarm first, and I shall imitate you,' says the first. 'After you, my dear neighbor,' replies the second.

But does this reciprocal fear explain everything? Not at all. There is something else, and we are now on the point of discovering the eternal contradiction that exists between our old habits of mind and the new principles we proclaim. All nations that have been harassed and crucified by cruel experience condemn the political methods that brought Imperial Germany to its own destruction and that made diplomatic authority rest on military power. But, although we have outlawed war, who would dare to pretend that governments in the modern world have totally abandoned the idea of armed force or that it has quite vanished from their calculations? Perhaps armaments are useful only for purposes of intimidation or blackmail, but surely they possess some tactical value, too. In other words, a nation does not maintain a powerful military establishment simply because it feels strictly obligated to defend itself. It maintains it because armaments represent an integral part of a country's political equipment, and it is afraid that if it reduces its armaments its political position will be similarly weakened. The whole military policy of Germany arises from this idea, and it is certain

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that the men in charge of the *Reichswehr* are providing Germany with the most effective kind of military machine.

THUS there is not only the factor of fear but another purely utilitarian factor. The first factor can be justified psychologically and deserves every indulgence. The second, when it exists among nations that signed the Geneva Pact and the Kellogg-Briand Treaty, deserves no consideration, and it is here that the flagrant contradiction of our period lies. Officially, we stigmatize war and renounce it absolutely and solemnly as an instrument of national policy. Yet at the same time a powerful navy and a strong army continue to remain excellent means of imposing one's will. If all nations keep talking this language, what good are efforts and agreements that do not modify the facts in any way? What does the letter of a text amount to when the spirit is traduced? And, if we agree that everything must be done to prevent our falling into the tragic mistakes that the preceding generation made, why not admit that a system that would put the whole world on the same level by reducing armies everywhere would not shatter our former equilibrium but would transport us to a different level?

In reality, no idea is in more urgent need of revision than the military idea. We do not have to push forward an impossible policy of general disarmament; we must simply cut out of our national armaments everything that has lost or may lose its excuse for existence and has been replaced by something else. We must therefore first understand the purposes which modern military forces serve. Let us do this by listing the various reasons why armies used to exist. I discover six. First, as sources of national prestige. Secondly, as material power held in reserve with a view to enforcing certain policies. Thirdly, as means of pressure and intimidation. Fourthly, as purely defensive instruments. Fifthly, as national police. Sixthly, to protect possessions and extra-continental interests and to guarantee the whole of our civilization.

Running over this inventory we at once recognize that the first three of these six reasons must disappear because they are categorically opposed to all the international measures that have been put in force in the past ten years and because they are out of proportion to the financial resources of the various nations. The last two reasons still hold good and justify the measures that interested powers have taken in behalf of their own sovereignty. The fourth reason constitutes the only problem to be solved. This problem, however, cannot be solved on the basis of military individualism. It can and must be solved on the basis of political solidarity.

Here is what I wish to arrive at. Reduction of debts and reparations will obviously be linked in the near future with reduction of military expenditures. But these two policies do not suffice. They demand a third complementary policy that abolishes the right to remain neutral in case one of the contracting parties violates the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The eminent British publicist, Wickham Steed, has already stated this logical conclusion in an article that does him honor. In the October 1930 issue of the British *Review of Reviews*, he wrote:—

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'As things stand, there will be no real progress toward international disarmament until it has been made plain that, at the very least, the United States will not behave as a friendly neutral toward any state that may violate its solemn obligation under the Kellogg Pact not to have recourse to war for the settlement of controversies with other nations.

'The whole problem of international disarmament and the future of the League of Nations, which depends on progress in disarmament, hinge upon the general acceptance of a new conception of neutral rights. War and neutrality go hand in hand. No war, no neutrality. It should follow that the renunciation of war implies the renunciation of neutrality. Hitherto, disarmament has been approached from the wrong angle. It has been treated merely as a matter of cutting down armies and navies. The main reason for the maintenance and for the increase of armies and navies is fear. It is the same reason that leads individuals, in lawless or undisciplined communities, to carry weapons for self-protection. The question of keeping order and of protecting individuals in a disciplined community is the question of the proper use of force. It cannot be lawfully used except by public authority in the service of the law. The same principle applies to international armaments. Disarmament will be possible when rules have been laid down and accepted for the proper use of national armaments. Then it will be seen that, in a world that has renounced war, they can be used only as a police force by international consent in the service of recognized international law.

'The present conception of neutrality is akin to the idea of citizens of the baser sort who think they are entitled to stand aside, or to "keep the ring," when other individuals are "having it out" in the street. They do not feel that they are their brothers' keepers. Better citizens fetch the police to stop the fight; and, eventually, the fighters are hauled up before the magistrate, who punishes them or binds them over to keep the peace. But, if those who pass by, or who keep the ring, felt that fighting is a crime, they would not only fetch the police but would lend a hand in catching the criminals, as they do when the police are "after" a burglar or a murderer. Neutrality, or indifference to crime, is bad citizenship. Neutrality, or indifference toward the crime of war, is bad citizenship of the world.

'The Kellogg Pact outlaws war as an instrument of national policy. It binds its signatories never to have recourse to it. In leaving room for self-defense, it assumes, by implication, that nations that may need to defend themselves against lawless attack will be able to trust pact-keeping nations not to help or encourage pact-breakers, directly or indirectly. The members of the League of Nations have bound themselves to help other members who keep the Covenant against any member that may break it.'

NOTHING could be more just. One lacuna remains to be filled before international solidarity can be established. The Hoover proposal and its certain consequences offer us our opportunity. It is absolutely necessary for us to seize it. Without wanting to play the part of Cassandra, without seeming like maniacs on the idea of

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security, we French have the right to say that there is a great deal that does not inspire us with much confidence in a certain part of Europe and that reasonable precautions must be taken. Millions of Hitlerites exist and hundreds of thousands of Steel Helmets. There is a whole excited younger generation that will be able to seize the reins of power in Germany, perhaps legally, perhaps by force. Has anyone considered what will happen in the political field in 1932, when new elections will be held for the Prussian Diet and several other of the state diets? Have we considered what presidential candidates will appear when Marshal von Hindenburg vanishes? And if Germany suddenly turns reactionary, have we foreseen all the ill-advised actions and *faits accomplis* that will occur in a nation that has never exactly shone with political brilliance? Peace must be guaranteed solidly, which is to say completely, and anyone who may execute an evil stroke must be discouraged in advance by the certainty that he will find himself opposed by a united front in case he acts foolishly. What sincere friend of peace, arbitration, and conciliation can find any flaw in such reasoning?

To sum matters up, the course our foreign policy should pursue outlines itself automatically. Three problems now present themselves. First, the problem of reducing war debts and reparations. Secondly, the problem of limiting the military expenditures of each nation with due regard to its proper obligations. Thirdly, the problem of international solidarity in the light of a judicially organized peace and the problem of positive solidarity in case some nation violates its contracted obligations.

French policy up to now has rested on the axis of arbitration, security, disarmament. The axis remains the same, but the equation can be filled out and defined. Let us state it now more firmly than ever: reduction of war debts, reduction of military expenses, abolition of neutrality. Let us not abandon this trilogy. The Hoover proposal is but one step, the first outline of an international plan that is going to be filled out and put on its feet. The task is certainly not one that we should avoid. Up to now the United States has not cared to link military and financial questions because it recognized that the time was not yet ripe. But it has clearly revealed its intentions. We have understood them and, for our part, we shall not at once begin linking the question of reducing reparations to the abrogation of neutrality because we, too, recognize that the time is not yet ripe. But, since we are hurrying forward, let us indicate our intentions clearly and we shall be understood.

Three years ago Briand and Kellogg began a work that may mark the beginning of a new era in the history of civilized people. Briand and Hoover will complete this task.

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Here is the account by a German eye-witness of a typical Hitler meeting. Herr von Unruh is a veteran of the World War and his contempt for the doctrines of National Socialism cannot therefore be laid to lack of patriotism.

HITLER in Action

By F. F. VON UNRUH

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*
Paris Liberal Monthly

AN HOUR before the meeting opens the hall is already full. Thousands of people are present. As at all Hitlerite meetings, the very young and the very old predominate. Only a few men of thirty or forty are in evidence, and hardly any workers. Most of the audience consists of clerks, students, farmers—members of the middle class. There are also numerous officials and retired officers, as well as women and girls. An orchestra of young people in white shirts, since brown shirts have been forbidden, plays military marches. The crowd applauds. Children of twelve to fourteen sell newspapers. 'Buy the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the *Hakenkreuzbanner!*' they cry, and little girls sell photographs of the leaders. 'Do you want Adolf Hitler? Adolf Hitler?'

Suddenly the orchestra plays the 'Fredericus March.' A door opens at one end of the hall and the parade of the *Sturmabteilung* (storm detachment) begins. There are several hundred marchers, all in white shirts. They carry two banners and one flag with a death's head on it. The audience rise to their feet. They all raise their right hands in the Fascist salute and acclaim their leaders with cries of '*Heil! Heil!*'

The parading troops include a mixed assortment of types. Some resemble military men, others have an awkward air, looking as if they were recently recruited from civilian ranks and had just fallen into military formation for the first time. There are many pale, thin faces of the war generation, but there are also many athletic students who look well trained.

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Only a handful of soldiers who served in the War are present, but there are some fanatics, numerous unemployed, and quite a few robust-looking fellows. They march through the hall to the accompaniment of frenzied applause and cheering, while the brasses in the band blare forth with a deafening noise. Finally the troops take their places on benches behind the speaker's platform. The meeting has begun.

An orator describes the profound impression made abroad by the elections of September 14. 'Europe understood,' he says, 'that a nation had just awakened and rediscovered its dignity and its honor. For the first time, Germany began to be taken seriously. On that day we felt that something great had happened and that something greater still was about to occur. Day was beginning to break over the German world.'

The next orator is a Viennese. What he says is just like what they all say, but he speaks with great persuasive force. His words have a dumfounding effect on the soul of this crowd. An agitator and a demagogue, he is hatred in concentrated form. His words are a mixture of pure ideology and furious accusation. At once he instinctively touches essentials. He tells this country, which is suffering from unemployment, that there are remedies for unemployment, but that one must know how to apply them. Those who are governing to-day are not capable. The peace treaties are what have caused the trouble. They must be done away with. France is the bubonic plague of Europe. Germany is being bled white so that France can grow rich and fat. France is so rich that she can make even her sewers of Carrara marble. As for Germany, it can go to pieces. And the audience jeers.

'There are in our country,' he continues, 'those who believe in the League of Nations and its antiquated politicians. The Social Democrats, the Centrists, and all the other rascals without a fatherland believe in these things. Don't let anyone tell you that economics come first. People who talk that way are the very ones who have led us into our present state of affairs. We should not have our millions of unemployed if we had not been cowardly and without honor for twelve years. But we shall conquer, provided we can pull ourselves together and count only on ourselves, which is to say, on our race. A man of our race is recognized by these signs: he is ready to sacrifice himself; he has *esprit de corps* and the will to fight. If there were not so many among us who deny their race and renounce their nationality, we should to-day be kings of the earth. But even yet it is not too late.' At this point the orator expands on the subject of Poland.

'To reduce people to slavery is barbarous, but to conquer them and to take possession of their territory is simple justice. Let us not be objective; let us be something more than that—let us be Germans. The most important thing about our programme is not that we should understand it, for no man ever died for an idea he understood. Man dies only for an idea he loves.

'Our aim is to create the German being. For the first time the revolution will not come from the man in the street but from somebody else. The signs of the new man will be his spirit of sacrifice and his fighting nature.

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Our brown shirts incarnate this spirit, the spirit of the front and of the wars of deliverance fought a hundred years ago.'

'Never,' says the next orator, 'has Germany seen such enthusiasm.' Never? How about 1914? But 1918 followed 1914. What will follow 1930 and 1931? What promises have we, what guarantees?

ONE of my former comrades at the front sits down beside me. I notice that he wears the swastika cross. I ask him with surprise why he is doing so, and he says, 'It is quite simple. It is the only party with reasonable ends.' I ask him to explain what he means. 'Haven't you heard our orators? Obviously the end is greater Germany, *Anschluss* with Austria and union with the Germans in Poland and in the Succession States.'

'What will you do with Poland?'

He makes a gesture as if he were thrusting something aside and says, 'We'll get rid of it.'

'And the Peace Treaty?'

'It will be thrown aside, of course.'

'Revision?'

'No, denunciation.'

'And you believe that we are able to do this ourselves?'

'Not alone, but supported by Mussolini and England.'

I remember an article by Ludendorff on the menace of a new world war, and I ask my friend if he has read it. Ludendorff wrote that a policy of alliances would lead at once to war, prophesied that the battlefield would be in Germany, and that the whole country would be exterminated within a month.

By way of reply my friend says to me, 'Pessimism. You look on the black side.'

'But how about your foreign and domestic policies?'

'At home we shall begin by ending the slavery enforced by the present system of interests. Everything revolves about this axis. When the state wants to build public works such as canals, roads, railways, warehouses, it will not have to turn to the banks. It will issue loans itself without interest and will start the circulation of notes that will be assimilated into the regular currency. Equipment and labor will be paid for with this money, and the revenues from the various enterprises will later redeem the notes, which will then be retired from circulation.'

'Retired? But meanwhile you will have inflation. And what will foreign countries say?'

'The foreigner? He will do as we do.'

'In other words you are going to make a leap into the unknown, into chaos.'

'The Hitlerite, Feder, has well said, "Everything that the state declares to have value as a means of payment will have value as a means of payment."'

'Tell me, why this hatred of the Jews?'

'Strictly speaking, anti-Semitism is the sentimental basis of our movement. Citizenship may be reserved only for those who belong to our own people, and our people are only those who have German blood in their veins, no matter what their religion may be. No Jew can be a citizen, and, if the state cannot nourish its own people, it will drive out foreigners and noncitizens.'

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'Suppression of civil rights? Expulsion? Are you talking seriously? You, a veteran of the front-line trenches, can you believe that, you who know that thousands of Jews died for Germany?' He shrugs his shoulders.

Speaking of religion, Rosenberg, a man in Hitler's confidence, has declared: 'We must understand that we do not owe our ethnic development to Christianity, but, on the contrary, that Christianity has borrowed its lasting values from German character. Furthermore, free, heroic Germanism will be the eternal antithesis of Christianity, which is based on love. The Church has always consciously fought to destroy the noble instincts of the German man.'

A Hitlerite from Thuringia named Ziegler has written as follows: 'The duty of the priest should be to develop race in character and traditions. His sermons must touch the national instinct and awaken in us the sense of our history. The less a priest is subject to Christian prejudices such as love of one's neighbor, humility, and submission, the better he will be able to act in our spirit. He will replace Jewish and Christian values with the heroic values of the German people and he will be able to bring up our youth, applying a national and patriotic system of education.'

ON the subject of school reform, Hitler himself has declared: 'Its first duty will be to train our bodies into complete health. The formation of character comes second. Consequently a great deal of physical exercise will be necessary. Children will learn boxing in school, and physical culture will be accompanied by opportunities to develop the will power. For if we have been defeated in the past it was not because we lacked munitions, but because we lacked will. We must reanimate our national will power. We shall tear up the Young Plan and then have the money we need to modify our educational programme. We shall attach the greatest importance to the study of German history and national history, which means ethnology and biology. The least important studies will be mathematics, Greek, and Latin. For a modern language we shall learn English. As for French, the language of our secular enemy, it will, of course, be banished from our schools.

'We shall expel all Jewish professors from our universities. They lack the instinct for the Nordic values of our culture. Ethnology will become a compulsory subject, for it is on ethnology that love of country rests. It is a mistake to assert that science is international. All the sciences, including zoölogy and botany, have a national character. The theatre will be rid of Jewish directors. We want only German authors there. Moreover, we shall put all our theatres under the direct control of an imperial minister of the arts, a *Reichskulturminister*. All theatres will submit their programmes to him and he alone will decide what plays shall be performed. He will put through the reforms that our ethnic and national needs demand. All our performances must be accessible to the people, and for that reason we shall reduce the admittance price. Our music, too, must be Nordic. We do not want any of that modern Bolshevist atonal music, the product of the sterility of the Jewish race.

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'But we should only be doing things by halves if we let the press continue its work of disintegration. For that reason a part of the press will have to be nationalized, while the other part will be put under the direct control of the state. If we permit newspapers like the *Vossische Zeitung*, the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to keep on appearing in German, they will have to have the word "Jewish" added to their title, and of course all newspapers will be rigidly censored.'

It is easy to see what this means. One projected Hitlerite law of March 12, 1930, demanded an immediate death sentence on anyone speaking or writing against compulsory military service. 'When we shall be in power,' a Hitlerite has said, 'our young people will know only what we want them to know. As to what will happen to women under the Third Empire, that is quite simple. They will return to the kitchen. We shall no longer see them in public life. They will no longer be admitted to politics, the bar, or the magistracy. For how would the nerves of women be able to stand the numerous death sentences that will be necessary? For the future age of iron even the strongest man will barely have sufficient strength.'

Such is the Hitlerite programme. The German man is to be educated for fighting. At school he will learn hatred along with boxing. When he grows up he will make war, not only a war of revenge but a war for a greater Germany. Always war, *Deutschland über Alles*. Extermination of everything that is not German. The German heritage that Hitler advocates is made up of pride, hatred, and the will to destruction. But there is another German heritage advocated at all times and in our own day, too, by other Germans—justice and the spread of thought.

Hitlerism is already on the decline. Reduced to dimensions that will measure its real value, it will soon be revealed to us as an artificial force and will seem like a pathological phenomenon destined to disappear. It will pass. Perhaps it will appear from time to time under other names. But it will never last long.

The instinct of self-preservation exists in humanity at large as it does in each individual. The march to the rear that Hitler wants to make his people execute is contrary to the natural laws of evolution. Humankind is not evolving toward extermination. It is moving toward peace, and I do not believe that Hitler will be able to bar the way.

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A German resident of Moscow describes with sympathy an average, not a model, Russian school. Then comes a wholly unsympathetic Englishman telling about three dreadful days in Russia.

Two Views *of* RUSSIA

By German and British Observers

I. Russia's Self-Educated Children

By Hans Siemsen

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

LITERALLY translated, the word '*besprisorni*' means 'the not-looked-out-for,' or 'the unsupervised,' but 'waifs' is its real equivalent. Foreigners interested in *besprisorni* houses are generally shown a model school in Moscow, the *besprisorni* establishment of the G. P. U., which is a richly equipped affair.

I am going to describe another institution which is really not an institution at all, but a home for *besprisorni*, a true home. It is not rich, not well provided, but bitterly poor. I know a little about the problem of administering charity, and I know the importance of housing and space problems. Surveying this moderate-sized house, I think, 'Thirty children might be lodged here, but the housing shortage is acute and there may be as many as sixty.'

As a matter of fact, this average-sized Moscow house contains a hundred boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen who live, sleep, eat, receive instruction, and play here. During the day another hundred 'half-neglected' boys and girls join them, returning to the houses of their parents or relatives for the night. Besides these two hundred children, forty families also live here, though they have nothing to do with the institution, the home, or the school. I think I have misunderstood and inquire, 'Fourteen?' for I can hardly believe that there is room enough for even that number of families. 'No, forty,' I am told.

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The man who gives me this information and serves as my guide is one of the teachers in the school. He speaks quietly, as if he were not telling me anything unusual, but my heart almost stops beating with horror and amazement. For I know how hard it is to educate difficult children even when all kinds of equipment, including plenty of space, are provided. But here in the first two minutes I see that there is not only insufficient space and equipment but that almost everything is lacking. It seems to me truly wonderful that one of the most difficult of all labors can be carried on here at all under so many handicaps. 'Do these people never lose courage?' I speculate.

But no, the man with me does not seem to have lost any courage at all. He looks a little hungry, a little dreamy, and might be a German schoolteacher. He is very quiet and slow, and he stares into space as he speaks. Here is what he tells me.

'NOT all the *besprisorni* institutions in Russia are voluntary. In some of them attendance is compulsory. But this particular institution is free. The children could run away any day they wanted, but not one of them has done so for three years. Their day begins at half past seven. Breakfast is at eight. Then they go to the workshop, which is five minutes away, and work until one o'clock as cabinetmakers or locksmiths. From one to two they eat lunch and rest, and from two until four they receive their schooling. Tea comes at five, and from five until ten they have their club, with the evening meal at seven.

'In the morning, while the hundred children who live in the house are busy in the workshop, the hundred half-neglected girls and boys who sleep outside come to the house for their instruction. They all eat lunch together, and while the hundred who live in the house attend their classes in the afternoon the other hundred go to the workshop. The club and the evening meal are shared by both groups. At eight o'clock the outsiders go home, and at ten o'clock the rest go to bed. Anyone who wants to leave the house must report that he is going out, and must return by ten o'clock.'

'And if he does n't come back by ten?'

'That is of no concern to us teachers and instructors. The children's commune deals with that. The children hold court themselves and reprimand each other.'

'Do they assign punishments?'

'Yes, they do that, too. For example, if someone repeatedly fails to return to the house at night he can be excluded from his various activities and even from the club. If anyone proves utterly impossible and refuses work, education, and the whole communal way of life, the children's commune can expel him from the institution. However, this has only happened once, and after two weeks the boy came back and begged to be taken in again. He is now one of the most promising young men in the commune.

'One of the chief duties of the teacher, and he does teach a little, is to hold himself back as much as possible, to interfere as little as he can, and to allow the children full play. When they are allowed to do as they please they make many mistakes, but fewer than we should make, and if

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one only has enough tolerance everything goes along very well. Only the children's commune, the collective group, can pass judgment. We teachers have nothing to do with such matters, and I can tell you that that makes our work a lot easier. If the children did not look out for themselves we should be of little use.'

'That's what you say,' I think to myself, 'but I'll see how your lovely theories work in practice.' And then I inquire, 'What is this club?'

'The club is extremely important and provides most of the education. The workshop and the club are the real seats of learning. "Club" is only a name. Each person does what he pleases. "Club" means the time between five and ten o'clock. There is a chess club, a dramatic club, a musical club, a political club that works with the Pioneers and Comsomols and holds meetings with speeches and discussions. A painter who lives near here gives drawing and painting lessons. They make their own newspaper. They have their own orchestra. One of our boys is now studying to be a painter at the Leningrad Academy; another is a famous pianist, and another has become an actor.'

'And what becomes of the rest?'

'They become either cabinetmakers or locksmiths, but many are highly intelligent and go to other schools and become engineers. In some years ten of them go on to other schools; in other years, twenty or thirty. The school has a six-year course, but most of the boys who come to us are rather old and remain only three years.'

'But how are they made to work?'

'They are n't made to work. No one is forced; they work of their own accord. If we just wait long enough, they eventually get bored doing nothing. Since all the other children are working, they take hold too. Often a newcomer does nothing for two weeks, but finally he begins of himself. The other children help him a little, for since they are working themselves they want everyone else to work too. One of the new boys insolently announced how proud he was of his laziness. "Say, I'll just look around and see what I like here." Whereupon one of the smallest children replied, "Then get out. You won't do any looking around here. You've got to work. Do you want to take the food out of our mouths?" A few days later the new boy began working.'

'But if one of the newcomers does n't begin working, what do you do?'

'I don't know. That is up to the commune. If they can't accomplish anything they expel the newcomer, but this has happened only once. We teachers say nothing, although in the old days we used to make ourselves heard a little more than we do now. But it did us no good. All we can do is to be tolerant. That is the best way.'

'And the hardest,' I say to myself, and reflect what a good man he is and how well meaning. But I wonder how it works in practice, for I know something about children.

THE real thing deafens me. It is the noon rest hour and some children are leaving the workshop, others the schoolroom. A terrific uproar is going on in the little rooms, an ear-shattering hubbub. I walk with my guide through the roaring tumult. No one pays any attention to us, at least not to him, and the noise does not abate at

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all. There is not a trace of respect, fear, or shyness in the presence of older people. A fist fight is being held on the stairway. It does not look at all like a friendly affair, but my companion does not intrude. A little boy stands weeping by the window. 'Why is he crying?' I ask.

'I'd rather not ask him. If he wants to tell me he will.' This man really puts in practice the very intelligent but superhumanly difficult theory of non-interference.

I see the schoolrooms and bedrooms. Everything is miserably poor but quite orderly and clean, though not remarkably so. Of course the children do everything for themselves. Not one of them has an extra suit of clothes. Besides what they have on, they possess only a toothbrush, a comb, two nightshirts, and a change of underwear.

'Are many of the children sick when they come here?'

'They are very nervous, undernourished, and often have heart trouble due to smoking. Venereal diseases are now becoming rare, although they used to be common. Anyone suffering from a venereal disease or from any other infectious disease goes at once to a hospital. When he is cured he returns.'

I then visit the workshop, a five-minute walk through the street. All the children take this walk twice a day alone. If any one of them wanted to run away, he would have a hundred opportunities. The workshop is in a former monastery and includes equipment for locksmiths, blacksmiths, and cabinetmakers. Everything is very primitive, but the boys take things easily. They don't kill themselves working, but they do work. Every ten boys work with four older, skilled laborers.

'How do these laborers treat the children? Are n't they impatient?'

'At first it was n't easy, and there were lots of quarrels and fights. These old, skilled laborers are still strong for authority, even though they are old revolutionists. But now things are going very well. The older ones have resigned themselves. They shake their heads over modern people, but they let us alone. A few went away, but more than half returned after a few weeks. They often swear at the children, but I believe they really like them. Otherwise they would n't stay.'

My guide, who, I later learn, is the director of the whole establishment, although there is really no such thing as a director, evidently has not paid many visits to the workshop. Nevertheless, his appearance causes no sensation at all. No one works more rapidly on his account or even pretends to do so. They say good day to him politely, a few jokes are exchanged, they laugh, and that is all.

In the evening, after night has fallen, I cannot find the little street and the house though I search everywhere. But suddenly I hear a crash, a roar of music, a deafening brass band. That must be it.

A few boys are standing around the steps. I can't make myself understood, but in a few minutes a young man appears, shows me where I can hang my coat, and takes me upstairs. The largest room in the house, a kind of hall, is the scene of the celebration. There are more than two hundred children, including those from the neighborhood, and also a few grown people. There is no sign of the director here or of any teacher or instructor. The

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children are entirely in control. The only grown person, except a few onlookers, is the young man who received me. He is the bandmaster, but he has no other authority. I stand in the middle of the orchestra, which has a few bassoons and clarinets but is mostly made up of brasses—horns, trumpets, drums, and tubas, more than a dozen different instruments in all. The room is not large, and when the band starts playing I almost fall out of my chair. A regimental band playing in a bedroom. The walls shake and the floor shivers. The little audience sits in open-mouthed amazement.

I know that everything behind what I have seen in this house in the course of a few hours is not ideal, pleasant, or rosy. There are weary, difficult hours and dangerous, serious days in this house. I have no belief in any earthly paradise, and anyone who expects such a thing will surely be disappointed and is responsible for his own disillusionment. But that such an institution is possible at all in present-day Russia is a very great deal. So much courage, so much freedom, so much goodness under such pressure of outer circumstances, under such want and misery. So much personal freedom, so much real democracy applied and carried out under conditions in which it is particularly difficult to remain free and to act really democratically, all that provides an experience that gives food for plenty of serious thought in a country living under the strongest kind of dictatorship.

II. Three Days in Russia

By 'Traveler'

From the *Empire Review*, London Conservative Monthly

I HAPPENED to be in Riga on business just before Easter, and, as the work upon which I was engaged had to be postponed until after the holidays, I decided to spend a few days in Russia. I had heard and read so much about the changes, social and industrial, in that country since the advent of the Soviet Government that the opportunity of seeing, if only for a short period, something of the conditions of the people under the Bolshevist régime was not one I wanted to miss.

Accordingly, I set about getting a visé from the Russian consul, or perhaps one should say 'consuless,' as the official in question was a woman. I am afraid, however, the lady did not approve of me. She certainly put every difficulty in my path, and when, finally, she told me that the obtaining of a visé would take at least six weeks I bade her farewell and decided to try my luck at Helsingfors, whither I traveled via Revel, crossing the Baltic by boat, as it was too early in the season for seaplanes.

On arriving at Helsingfors I found there was no return boat to Revel for a week, and, as it was imperative I should be back in Riga within four days, the only possible route was by way of Leningrad. After considerable difficulty, and not without a certain amount of peaceful persuasion, I

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succeeded in obtaining a visé allowing me three days in Russia.

Leaving the city by sleeping car on the night of Easter Sunday, I reached the Russian frontier early next morning. The border line of Finland and Russia is a river, and, as the train crossed the bridge, a Red soldier, armed to the teeth, boarded the train. There were only three passengers in the car besides myself, and, acting under orders, as soon as we reached the frontier station we proceeded to the customhouse. The odor of the place was nauseating in the extreme, a clear indication of the insanitary state of the surroundings. I was required to give the exact amount of money in my possession and to say what valuables I had on my person. Notes of both were made on a slip of paper by the examining official and a copy handéd to me. Following this procedure, a thorough search was made of all luggage.

The customs formalities over, I was allowed to change some money, the amount being indorsed on the slip. The rate of exchange was 9.38 rubles to the pound sterling, but the buying value of a ruble is only about 2*d*. or 3*d*. After returning to the train, we proceeded to Leningrad, stopping at every station.

The Finnish conductor informed me there was only one hotel in Leningrad and gave me the name, which I refrain from mentioning. He also told me that a taxi or horse cab from the station to the hotel would cost the equivalent of a pound and advised me to take a tram. I followed his advice, but found the few trams that were running packed to overflowing, and it was not till after a good deal of pushing and squeezing that I managed to get into one of them. Here, again, the smell was almost unbearable. I had taken the precaution to have the name of the hotel written down for me, but, when I presented the piece of paper to the conductress of the tram, I found she could not read. Eventually, she secured assistance from someone in the car who could read, and I soon gathered from the signs made that I was going in the wrong direction. Getting out quickly, I boarded a car traveling in the opposite direction, but here again the same difficulty confronted me. No one could read, so there was nothing left but to reconnoitre on my own account. Accordingly, I motioned to the conductress to stop and began my search for the hotel. Entering a building near by which looked to me like an hotel, I was rather surprised to find it was a hospital. Fortunately, the doctor could speak German and very obligingly put me in the right tram for the hotel, where I arrived an hour and a half after leaving the station. It was quite pathetic to see a man of his profession in such a deplorable state. The average tramp one meets on the English country road is a tailor's dummy, as far as clothes are concerned, in comparison. He did, however, have a white surgical coat over his rags.

Booking a room at the hotel was a very difficult matter, and it was not till eleven o'clock at night that one was allocated to me. As it was early in the afternoon, I spent some hours strolling about. Every public building had enormous posters on the walls illustrating the Five-Year Plan and showing the favorable position of the Russian workman compared with the workman in other lands, who is depicted as being trodden under foot by

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the capitalists. One illustration struck me as being particularly significant. It showed the world encircled in chains with the hub of these chains in Moscow. The streets were in a deplorable and filthy condition—pot-holes all over the place where grime and slush had gathered; it was impossible to walk for long without getting one's feet thoroughly soaked. Most of the windows were broken and the shops boarded up; dead cats and dogs rotted in the gutters. No decently clad person was to be seen anywhere, and most of the people seemed to be wandering about aimlessly or waiting in food queues. I felt somewhat embarrassed at the way the Russians stared at me, as indeed they do at all foreigners who are respectably clothed. I saw no motor-cars except those belonging to the various consulates, and, except for a few broken-down Fords representing the taxi-cab service of the city and a certain number of droshkies, the traffic, which itself was very small, consisted of motor lorries.

THE hotel seemed to be the only civilized part of the city. Before the War it was recognized as one of the finest hotels in Europe, but in its present condition it could not be compared with even third-rate hotels in other European countries. For instance, the porters wore no uniform but were clad in the threadbare rags common to the rest of the population. There was no fault to be found with the appearance of the restaurant, where a band was playing, and quite a number of people dining, the Russians in clothes very much the worse for wear. There were crowds of waiters. The food, however, was abominable. My first meal was dinner and consisted of a watery soup, a so-called cutlet that was nothing more than a bad rissole, ice cream, and coffee. In a London hotel, if so poor a meal could be obtained, it would certainly not have cost more than a few shillings, whereas my bill amounted to the equivalent of 12*s*. A glance at the wine list was sufficient. The prices were most alarming; a bottle of Bass was listed at 30*s*. Breakfast the next morning was the most wretched meal I have ever sat down to. It consisted of coffee, rolls, jam, and one pat of butter; and, when I called attention to the minute proportion of the butter, I was told that there was no more in the hotel. The shortage of butter is very noticeable in view of the fact that quite recently thousands of barrels of Russian butter were dumped down at the London docks and sold at a price that could scarcely have covered the cost of transit.

My bedroom was fairly comfortable, but it was evident that no decorations had been attempted since the Revolution. Except for the bed itself, every article of furniture was falling to pieces. No towels were provided, so I had no option but to dry myself with the sheets. Tipping is prohibited by law, but the hotel servants seem to have an uncanny knowledge of the time a visitor will leave the hotel and hang around, waiting in expectation. The soldiers give you every attention, and, incidentally, they are the only Russians I saw in Leningrad at all decently dressed. Their politeness is most extraordinary. In a tram on the way to the station on my return journey I showed a soldier a slip of paper on which the name of the station was

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written, and, with a smile, he accompanied me to the booking office, bought my ticket, and escorted me to the platform.

The train to Riga was made up of Latvian coaches. Leaving Leningrad at 10.30 A.M., I arrived at the frontier at 8.30 P.M., reaching Riga early the following morning. No restaurant car was provided for the journey, the only food obtainable on the train being Russian tea. At lunch time hunger compelled me to sample a railway buffet at Octrop, where the train waited half an hour. Here, again, the atmosphere was terrible, thick with smoke and the usual vile smell. Prices were exorbitant. For a packet of chocolate and a few bits of cake that in any other country would have cost about 1*s*. I had to pay 7*s*. 6*d*.

At the frontier my baggage was again thoroughly searched and the exchange slips given to me on entering Russia carefully examined. My railway bill, receipts for small purchases in the hotel, and railway tickets all had to be produced, the reason for this formality being to prevent the traveler from taking more money out of Russia than he has taken in, or earning money in Russia under an ordinary visé. For instance, supposing a person entered Russia, say with 300 rubles, stayed ten days in the country, and returned with receipts to the amount of 250 rubles and 100 rubles in cash, the customs official would take away 50 of the 100 rubles in cash. And if the traveler's living expenses had not amounted to 100 rubles, that is, ten days at 10 rubles per day—it being compulsory to spend at least 10 rubles per day for living expenses—the customs official would subtract the difference between the actual amount the traveler had spent on living and the 100 rubles. This, of course, would only happen when a traveler had been living with friends, or at a boarding house, if there are such institutions in Russia, as in an hotel one is bound to spend more than 10 rubles a day. It cost from that for your room alone. It is impossible to hide any receipt, as these are not in the form of separate receipts but are indorsed on the exchange slips given on entering Russia, and rubles will be reëxchanged only on production of this slip. On converting my rubles back into sterling, the rate of exchange was very much in favor of the Russians.

I need hardly say I was thankful to be out of a country that I never wish to enter again until it has become more civilized. Riga seemed a paradise in comparison with Leningrad. The streets are clean and the people well dressed, whereas in Leningrad the snow is allowed to lie in the streets and the people, as I have mentioned above, walk about in rags. So bad indeed are the sanitary arrangements in Leningrad that, in my opinion, unless the state of affairs is altered, and altered quickly, a plague will break out. This has always been the case in history where no attention is paid to cleanliness. There is no doubt that Latvia is very apprehensive with regard to Russia, so much so that nearly every person of means deposits his money in English or Swiss banks and is prepared to leave the country at any moment. The Latvians are quite convinced that in a few years, when the Five-Year Plan is complete, the Russians will again be in possession of Latvia and the two adjoining countries, Esthonia and Lithuania.

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Persons and Personages

Aristide Briand

By Vernon Bartlett

From the *Week-end Review*, London Conservative Weekly

POLITICIANS, like actors, generally take themselves too seriously. They are subjected to so much flattery—little of it disinterested—that their sense of humor and with it their sense of proportion fade. Briand's readiness to laugh at himself and the cause he has at heart is so unusual that his fellows find it difficult to make up their minds about him. Is he, as some maintain, merely a cynic, a man of no beliefs? Is he, as others declare, an idealist who wraps up his idealism in a convenient but deceptive cloak of worldliness? And yet this conflict of opinion is strange, for no man who so loves his farm and his fishing would put up with the pettinesses and disillusions of a political career unless he had some more powerful incentive than personal ambition, of which M. Briand has so little. In any case, what ambition can remain to a man who has formed over a dozen governments, and who first became a minister more than twenty-five years ago? Why, despite ill health, should he have remained, month after month, year after year, at the Quai d'Orsay, working out an unsensational policy of international compromise which has brought him many kicks, but few ha'pence, from his countrymen? Certainly not that he might end his career as President of the Republic and prisoner in the Élysée Palace, more remote than ever from the tranquillity of his beloved Cocherel.

Anatole France once declared that reactionaries in his country met with success because they could always rely on men of the left to carry out their policy. Despite his socialistic youth, M. Briand, during his first period in office as president of the Council, broke a railway strike with a brutality which has not even now been forgotten, and his collaboration in ministries which contained such ruthless figures of the right as M. Maginot and M. Louis Marin has often aroused the suspicion of the Radical Socialists. But he has so nearly reversed Anatole France's dictum that he might have been a politician in our own country, where men of the right often carry through reforms before which those of the left quail. Like his fellow Celt, Mr. Lloyd George, but unlike his fellow Celt, M. Clemenceau, he has a genius for compromise, and the man who compromises is often looked upon as a coward, especially by those whose rigidity is merely the obstinacy of the weak.

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The Nordic races distrust eloquence. The late Lord Balfour enjoyed extraordinary prestige among them because the hesitations which marked his search for exactly the right word gave a conviction of sincerity. Aristide Briand is so amazingly fluent an orator that his popularity among Englishmen, Germans, and Scandinavians can be explained only by this Nordic willingness to compromise. And his popularity among the Latins, despite this illogical ability to see the other man's point of view, can be explained only by the music of that deep voice, by the appeal that he can make to the emotions, and by his slightly Rabelaisian and irreverent wit.

The merest beginner with a pencil could produce a recognizable drawing of M. Briand, with his huge head on its slender, round-shouldered body, dressed in a black suit so shabby that he is alleged once to have been arrested as a tramp. His drooping moustache and his deeply lined face make the task of the craftsman easy, but only an artist, and an exceptional one, can hope to give us a portrait. What makes Briand a great and interesting figure is not his physical appearance—insignificant, despite that leonine head—but the sudden life that lights up those pale eyes when he looks down upon an audience, or when, with his cigarette (at least as famous as Mr. Baldwin's pipe) hanging from his lower lip, he mumbles some sardonic remark which, passed from journalist to journalist, may arouse its victim's enmity, not because of its bitterness—for, unlike Clemenceau, he is seldom cruel in his humor—but because of its penetrating truth. For hours at a time he may sit at the table of the League of Nations Council, apparently so oblivious to all that is being said that one would swear he slept, and then with one brief remark he will not only put fresh life into a dull debate, but show that he has listened to every word. Indeed, he is more wide-awake than many of his colleagues. I remember a hot afternoon when an interminable speech by a foreign minister, who must be nameless, had such a soporific effect that when M. Briand looked around him only his Italian colleague still had his eyes open. The representative of France expressed his sympathy: 'Vous aussi, mon cher collègue,' he said, 'vous souffrez de l'insomnie?'

Aristide Briand never refers to a note when he speaks, but it would be a mistake to conclude that his speeches are not prepared. On the eve of an important declaration he likes to think over the main points or to discuss them with his trusted *chef du cabinet*, M. Léger. He once said to his fellow journalists—ever since the days when he first contributed to the *Démocratie de l'Ouest* he has looked upon himself more as a journalist than as a politician—when they asked him for an advance copy of an important declaration, 'If I give you the text of my speech to-night, it will not be the speech I shall make to-morrow.' The first reaction of his audience may lead him to alter the whole tone of everything he had

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proposed to say. There is a significant difference between his quick understanding of emotion and the calm, analytical mind of his rival, M. Raymond Poincaré.

IN theory the president of the French Republic is outside and above politics, but while political parties remain disorganized his duty of selecting the prime minister has an importance that accounts for some of the excitement and bitterness aroused by the presidential campaign. M. Briand, however ready he may be to bend before a storm, has consistently followed his policy of closer international understanding at as rapid a pace as public opinion in his own country would permit. Doubtless he would not have been ready to exchange the Quai d'Orsay for the Élysée unless he felt that for the time being the very word 'Locarno' rang unpleasantly in French ears. For no man more antipathetic to the pomp and circumstance of the presidency could be found in the whole of France, and, if he were as ambitious as his enemies suggest, he would have wished to be remembered not as the man who was the thirteenth president of the Third Republic, but as the Frenchman who did most to prevent another war. Count Sforza, who is better as a judge of men than he was as a foreign minister of Italy, attributes to M. Briand 'a patriotism so intense, so deep, and so serene that its aggressive side disappears.' It was Briand himself who once declared that 'statesmen are not glorious only by the conditions in which they help the particular interests of their country to triumph. They may find a certain glory in serving the cause of humanity as a whole.'

It is not for us to criticize the decision of our friends across the Channel. The career of M. Paul Doumer has been less picturesque, but certainly not less worthy, than that of his defeated opponent. But it would be an act of ingratitude to France were we to withhold a tribute to a man who, in the eyes of the foreigner at any rate, has served his country so well.

BÉLA BARTÓK, HUNGARIAN COMPOSER

By DESIDER KOSZTOLÁNYI

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

A SILVER-GRAY HEAD, the head of a silver statue. The body on which it sits is slim and small, scarcely visible in this room where a light must be kept burning even by day. This man has almost no gestures. All his strength and energies go into his work, his music. His eyes are the only bright spots on the smooth surface of his face. They are brilliant,

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penetrating dark eyes, and the forehead above them is white as new-fallen snow. This man who sits before me is harmoniously proportioned. His physical appearance reminds one of his musical creations. His furniture includes a piano and a rustic table from Kalotaszeg on which some peasant has carefully cut the owner's name, 'Bartók—Béla.' Above, hanging from the wall, are three Hungarian peasant plates decorated in blue. We converse.

'What instrument did you play first?'

'A drum. At the age of two I was given a drum. My mother tells me that I beat it incessantly. I tried to get rhythm out of it. Later I played the piano. I must have been four years old, at least so my mother says, when I was picking out tunes in the Hungarian fashion with one finger.'

'What next?'

'The first notes. I began learning them on my fifth birthday and can still remember that date. My father, a country squire and the head of an agricultural school in Nagy-Szent-Miklos, loved music and even composed a little. My mother enjoyed playing the piano. Both encouraged me. But practising the scales bored me, as it does every child, bored me to death. My mother always said, "Learn to play the piano, my child. If we have company and people ask you to play a dance on the piano what a shame it would be if you had to say you did not know how."'

'When did you begin composing music?'

'At the age of nine. They were dances, Vienna waltzes, sonatinas, imitations of Mozart. My mother has kept the manuscripts of these pieces in Pressburg.'

'What is the first composition you really consider your own?'

'The fourteen piano pieces. The first quartet.'

'Are you collecting Hungarian folk songs?'

'I have n't done any traveling to make these collections since 1918, but I consider that it is very important to assemble folk music. Any composer is immensely nourished by hearing peasant music. Don't get the idea that I have any thought of transcribing peasant music and transforming it or incorporating it with other music. Not at all. What I have in mind is that the character of our artistic music has its roots in peasant music. Furthermore, if one hears these simple songs in their original setting sung by the people, one feels and understands them much better. They inspire one much more than if one picks them out by note from a score. The atmosphere, too, exerts an influence.'

'HOW do the peasants feel toward the person who collects this music?'

'Distrustful. I approached only the older people, chiefly peasants'

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wives, since they alone know the old songs. They would sing them into the phonograph-recording instrument and I would transcribe the notes. They soon understood what was going on and smelt money but did not ask for any, being too ashamed, too proud. But it is awfully difficult to get an old peasant mother to sing. Every one of these old peasant women suspected some mischief, some trick, and they did not want to be caught. I therefore had to keep resorting to trickery and finally the old lady would give in. She would begin to sing, and then suddenly stop. Something had come into her head and she would n't go on. Why? A new assault had to be made by another route and she had to be persuaded all over again. The peasants everywhere are very reserved in the presence of the so-called "better people." It is easier to collect music among the Slavs, whereas the Rumanians, even the younger ones, can hardly be persuaded to sing under any circumstances. Yet both the Slavs and the Rumanians have an established price for singing their songs. The easiest of all are the Arabs, some of whose songs I collected in Biskra in 1913. I had a letter of introduction to the sheik, who commanded his Arabs to sing, and they went at it like operatic performers.'

'What are the aims of the new music?'

'One slogan is "Away from Romanticism." The other is "Neoclassicism." Even Beethoven is regarded as a romantic. The reaction set in with Debussy, and reached its highest point with Stravinski, who has said that Beethoven was perhaps a great man, a tremendous character, but certainly not a musician. Naturally, I do not share this opinion. Perhaps Beethoven was not as good at instrumentation as Mozart, but I enjoy the *Eroica* to-day as much as I ever did. Undeniably there is a great reaction against the romantics. The whole world is calling a halt, returning to Bach and to still earlier composers. It is demanding an objective, anti-literary kind of music that represents no subjective feeling but is absolute music. Before the War the Germans were the leaders of this movement, chiefly Schönberg, the expressionist. As far as Stravinski is concerned, I prefer his earlier work. His recent music I find dry. It does not warm me.

'Every art is necessarily human. It cannot be separated from human beings, from their feelings and emotional conflicts. This is altogether natural. If it were not so, music would become much too mechanical. Even Bach expressed something, certain moments in life, and in those of his compositions that are accompanied by a text we can observe that he tried to give expression to such moments. If I write a low note and then a high one, that means ascent; but if I first strike a high note and then a lower one, that is a descent. The former is pure joy; the latter, despair. But it must be admitted that the reaction against romanticism is serving a useful purpose, for musical romanticism went impossibly

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far in Wagner and Strauss. Therein lies the reason for the general investigation and stock-taking that are now taking place.'

'Don't you think that all this self-consciousness in music and in the other arts indicates that the modern age is sterile?'

'No. Self-awareness does no harm. Numerous examples show that even in great artistic periods the creative artists went about their work consciously, turning to already existing forms and styles and filling them with a new content. I need only mention one such period, the Renaissance.'

Béla Bartók stood erect and motionless in the doorway of his anteroom, looking like a picture. I opened the door, the latch rattled, and from another story came the sweet sound of a chorus singing.

A Visit to Gandhi

By Fia Ohman

Translated from the *Revue Mondiale*, Paris Current-Affairs Semimonthly

FROM AHMADABAD it takes barely half an hour by automobile to reach Sabarmati, Gandhi's house, and Ashram, his school. Our car speeds across flat, uninteresting country on a dusty, sunny road. As we approach our destination, the little Sabarmati River comes into view and we follow it until we arrive at Gandhi's house, which was named after it. The little whitewashed dwelling is extremely simple, and it is surrounded by a small, inartistic garden. There are no flower beds, no cultivated ground, just a few gaunt trees, a few patches of grass separated by gravel paths, and a few flowers. The inside of Gandhi's house is simpler still. His own room contains nothing but a little table about ten inches high. It is the writing desk at which he works, squatting on the floor. Facing the table is a seat attached to the wall, on which Gandhi invites me to sit down after he has welcomed me.

I am in the presence of a man who has recently held the attention of the entire world. He is thin, and he seems decrepit, with his wrinkled face, toothless mouth, and bald head. The sufferings and privations he has voluntarily undergone have left their mark upon him. His eyes are sunk, though I was told that they could shine like live coals. But as I look at him I do not feel that magnetic influence or that sentiment of humility that one would expect to experience in the presence of such a mighty spirit.

Now Gandhi gets his spinning wheel and seats himself on the floor before me. He starts to spin cotton with his thin, brown fingers, talking as he works away with a light and agile touch. Now for the first time I

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begin to feel that I am in the presence of a highly cultivated mind. I am struck by the logical power, the pure, true force of all the theories that he advances. Even though one cannot accept all his ideas one listens to them with sustained attention. He speaks as follows:—

'Do not be surprised at seeing me spin and weave while I talk. One of my most important resolutions is to spin on all occasions. This rule applies to myself as well as to those who follow my ideas. It is easy to achieve a certain skill in working while one talks. I tell you, spinning will be India's salvation. In the 700,000 villages of India, what form of labor can both men and women perform with profit? The spontaneous reply is spinning. All who follow my teaching, then, wear *khaddar*. The message of the spinning wheel can reach every village and bring to it a ray of hope and light. The spinning wheel can be turned by millions and millions of people who live in the villages of India in the greatest misery. Perhaps you feel that my contention is chimerical, but I am sure that the time will come when spinning will bring prosperity and well-being to the Indian countryside and happiness and freedom to the whole land. I am absolutely convinced that khaddar woven at home will have an unquestionable success, for it possesses special significance. No popular national organization attracts the devotion of as many young people as the Khaddar Union does. Nor can any other organization provide honest work for an almost limitless world of young patriots who are content to live in close contact with the villagers and to share with them their bread as well as their sorrows and joys. The weaving of khaddar is not a lost art. Five years of activity show constant and encouraging progress. It could not be otherwise, for India needs this movement. The Hindu needs a real objective to sustain his energy. And energy creates the future.'

AT THIS point I interrupt the enthusiastic idealist, for I am curious to hear his views on women, and especially on the barbaric ancestral custom of *purdah*, which prevents a woman from showing her face to any men except her father and husband.

'Indian women have been greatly wronged by this despotic custom,' Gandhi at once admits. 'Perhaps it was useful when it was started, but to-day it is wholly futile and most prejudicial to our country. It seems as if the education we have enjoyed for almost a century has not had much effect on us, for purdah has been retained even in the most cultivated families. Educated men do not favor it, but they lack the courage to oppose it for the crude and savage custom that it is and to abolish it once and for all. Why should a woman not be allowed to go out for a walk? Men must have confidence in women just as women have confidence in

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men. In impeding the free development of woman, we have impeded man's development too. And it is all the result of our weakness, narrow-mindedness, irresolution, and poverty. Let us then, by energetic efforts, abolish the system of purdah.'

The conversation then turns to the question of the untouchables, the Pariahs, the lowest caste in India, whom no members of higher castes may touch. Here, too, Gandhi holds most decided views.

'The abolition of caste ostracism is of major importance for the advancement of the national Hindu cause. It is the black spot of Hinduism. Remove it and the rest will follow automatically. As soon as the Hindu accepts the Untouchables as his own people and thus destroys an ancient barbaric custom, the nation will receive an irresistible impetus forward. The Untouchables should have access to all Indian temples; they should be allowed to draw water at all wells, and in all ways they should be received on an equal footing with all the other sons of India. In the future, every Hindu should cleanse his heart of all that he holds against the Pariahs, and should associate with them as his own people. The *Bhagavad-Gita* says: "Treat an Outcast in the same way as a Brahman if you wish to know God. Treat him as you wish to be treated by others or as you wish to treat yourself." I am certain that in the book of God their offenses are less than ours. We must bring them back to our side to avoid the punishment that we have deserved because of the way we have treated them.'

Again Gandhi's eyes meet mine. And now we touch on the problem of marriage between Hindus and Mohammedans. He lowers his head and in a tone of profound gravity says very softly: 'That has passed from the hands of man into the hands of God alone. Just as the woman who was abandoned by her husband, by mankind, and by the gods addressed herself to the Only God, begging for help, and received it, so should we all do, myself included. We must pray to God, the all-powerful God, to help us, and we must tell him that we, his children, have failed to do what we should have done. We hate each other; we defy each other; we injure each other; we even kill each other. We must purify our hearts and ask God to give us humility, intelligence, and wisdom.'

The spinning wheel stops. Gandhi joins his hands and lifts his eyes to the heavens, where his thoughts most certainly dwell. Then, arising, he invites me to visit Ashram, the school where his students and disciples live. We also inspect the National University, which was founded in 1921 as a result of Gandhi's initiative. On the wall of the chapel hangs a picture of Christ, an indication of the breadth of Gandhi's views. As I take my leave, he thanks me for my visit and gives me this maxim, which I in my turn pass on to my readers: 'Truth is the end; gentleness the means.'

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Joseph Conrad's abandonment of Polish soil is here interpreted as the master key to all his work. Gustav Morf has already written a book on the subject.

Conrad *and* Cowardice

By GUSTAV MORF

Translated from *Pologne Littéraire*
Warsaw Literary Monthly

BOOKS have their destiny and destiny has its books. Joseph Conrad's extraordinary life, his development from a Polish schoolboy into an English sea captain and from an English sea captain into a world-renowned author, all this is brilliantly mirrored in his work. His own enthusiasms and disillusionments, his own struggles and triumphs provided the background of his novels and stories. They were what gave life to his writings, and with them his artistic inspiration stands or falls. Conrad's books are disguised autobiographies of the outer and inner man, but autobiographies that include what might or ought to have been.

In every new book that Conrad wrote the same vision made its appearance, that of the solitary, exiled outcast. All his heroes, whether they are seafarers, merchants, or anarchists, live on geographical or spiritual islands, condemned and banished to a magic circle from which they try in vain to escape. They have the whole world against them and know it. They take up the struggle with a hostile destiny with the clear knowledge that they must lose in the end. Somewhere in the distance home is tempting and charming them. It is the objective of their unfulfilled yearning.

We know why Conrad was so strongly moved by the problem of exile and why he never grew tired of giving that problem constantly fresh variations. It was his problem and the problem of his forbears. His grandfather and one of his uncles had been banished to Siberia. Later, in 1862, his father was deported to northeastern Russia as a revolutionary, together with his wife and child. Little Conrad was four years old at the time. These formative years, with their endless winters, with hardship and distress of every kind, he never forgot.

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He came within an ace of dying of brain fever.

His mother died of homesickness and his father, after seven years in exile, returned home, where he, too, soon departed this life. His death was mourned throughout Poland, for it meant the loss of one of the greatest Polish patriots.

In May 1869, when his father died, Conrad was eleven years old. An uncle on his mother's side, Tadeusz Bobrowski, took care of him, let him attend a school in Cracow, and brought him up like his own son. He was a big landowner and lived in the Ukraine. He regarded the Polish uprisings as foolish and kept explaining to the boy that the Poles should try to get along with the Russians as best they could. In his view it was chimerical to hope to build up a Polish nation in the near future.

But the boy was not his father's son in vain. He rebelled against his uncle's opportunism and tried to associate as much as he could with friends who were patriotically inclined. Little groups of schoolboys and schoolgirls hatched revolutionary plans, but as soon as they grew up they had to recognize that there was no sense in knocking their heads against the wall of Russia. The result was that Conrad's craving for liberty, equality, and fraternity expressed itself as a desire to follow the sea. That was the way out of the dilemma. He had the choice of being either a servant of Russia or a free man. Uncle Tadeusz shook his head reflectively. When the young man stood out against all objections to his ideas his uncle dispatched him on a trip through Switzerland and Italy in the hope that his *Wanderlust* would thus be appeased, at least for a few years. But nothing of the sort happened. Conrad wanted to go to sea. He had to have his way or perish in the attempt.

The uncle was understanding enough and no open break occurred between them. In the autumn of 1874 Conrad, at the age of sixteen, was sent to Marseille, where he began his nautical career in a most adventurous fashion. A small revolution, which naturally interested Conrad enormously, had just broken out in Spain, and he almost lost his life attempting to smuggle arms into the country.

After three years he wrote to his uncle that he wanted to go to England. The uncle begged his nephew to be reasonable and at least to learn English before carrying out his plan. A year later, in the summer of 1878, the young seaman really went to England, while his uncle lamented, 'When I ask you whether you have learned English yet, you don't even answer me.'

His uncle's suspicions were well founded. Conrad was too lazy to learn English before he set foot on English soil. That would all come in good time, he thought, and so it did. He arrived in England at the age of twenty, not knowing more than a few broken phrases, but by the time he was twenty-two he knew it fluently. By twenty-four he had read Shakespeare and at thirty-one he was beginning to write his first novel, *Almayer's Folly*, in the English language.

THE sea was Conrad's great adventure when he was twenty years old. At one moment smooth and lovely, at the next moment raging and brutal, even murderous, it repre-

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sented to him the forces of destiny that shape human life and then suddenly destroy it. Of course there had been a time when he loved the sea with the overweening idealism of youth, believing in its call, in its faithfulness, its gratitude, its greatness. Then came the first bitter deceptions that destroyed all his illusions. He saw the sea raging without reason, saw good, brave fellows enveloped in its rapacious arms while wicked men returned unscathed. He felt its blind, destructive rage, its constant struggle for power, its infinite whims and deceptions.

Fate was indeed the same affair. One could not escape it though one traveled to the ends of the earth. At home the Russians were stamping out the last residue of Polish culture. Other countries were racked by revolutions, wars, and earthquakes. On the sea the mighty power of wind and wave was released. No, the sea was no place to flee from destiny. No wonder Conrad, at the age of thirty-six, broke his troth with the sea and felt himself forced to write down the disillusionment he had experienced.

While Conrad was sailing all over the world, his Uncle Tadeusz kept looking out for him as if he were still a little child. Until he was thirty the old gentleman sent him a small stipend every year, and almost every letter he wrote to his nephew was brimming with advice, counsel, and warning, one point being that he must become a British citizen. When Conrad replied that he would rather be free as a bird, knowing no national boundaries, his uncle replied, 'One can't be a free bird all one's life. One must belong to one nation or another. Sooner or later you must make up your mind. In any event, it is better to make such a choice when you are free rather than wait until experience decides the matter for you.' Five years later Conrad was still free as a bird, but finally decided to take out his naturalization papers. This was the step whose full implications he did not recognize until later and whose immense influence on his writings has been enormously underestimated, even in Poland.

In his old age Joseph Conrad used to keep talking to himself in words that no one could understand because they were Polish. But in his reminiscences he gives us some insight into these soul-searchings. He says that in periods of solitude and reminiscence he would often discover that he was defending himself against arguments and accusations that had been raised against him thirty-five years ago by voices that were now stilled forever. What was young Conrad accused of when he left Cracow? Desertion of his country, among other things. Poland had already lost too many of its best sons to other countries, and Conrad himself confesses in his reminiscences that he was convinced that there were plenty of scrupulously correct people who were always ready to utter the word 'desertion' with contempt. There were indeed enough such people, among them all his school friends.

We must not forget that Polish patriotism was a kind of religion handed down from father to son. Patriotism meant believing in the impossible and the absurd, in other words, in the immediate prospect of a united, independent Poland. *Credo quia absurdum est.* Emigrants who light-heartedly adopted foreign citizenship were generally looked upon as traitors and heretics. A famous Polish

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critic remarked shortly after Conrad's death that he did not understand how Conrad had been able to survive 'the tragedy of renegation,' the denial of his fatherland; for Conrad was no ordinary Pole, but the son of a man who sacrificed his whole life's happiness for Polish independence.

If we look closely enough we see in Conrad's work unmistakable evidence that his renunciation of Poland created a deep conflict in his life. He suffered in this conflict more than anyone in his immediate circle could understand. The English saw nothing extraordinary in the fact that he became a British citizen for the sake of his career. To them it simply seemed an act of sound human understanding, and they congratulated him on it. The mystical religious conception of patriotism on which Conrad was reared is infinitely remote from the English utilitarian philosophy of life. Almost all the Polish elements, influences, and sentimental values were so completely suppressed in Conrad's life that they hardly seem to have existed at all, but that they did exist is proved by the fact that Conrad in the later years of his life felt a great homesickness for Poland, which he represented in symbolic form in his last book, *The Rover*, and also by the symbolism in all his other work.

His novels and stories provide even stronger evidence than his reminiscences that he forced his Polish emotions and his genuine feeling of guilt out of his conscious life. In this field, investigation is by no means barren. There are so many symbolic presentations of Polish memories and conflicts that one is almost tempted to believe that Conrad wrote simply to give expression to the suppressed conflicts that were going on in his subconscious. In my book, *The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad*, I have made an attempt to discover and explain the Polish elements and conflicts in his writings. Here I shall confine myself to one book that has been translated into German, French, and Polish, and that may be taken as the autobiography of the unconscious Conrad. It is *Lord Jim*.

FROM the psychological point of view, the first half of this brilliant novel is neither more nor less than Conrad's youthful history in symbolic form. Jim is a seaman who at the age of twenty-three deserts a ship under very peculiar circumstances and then is ruined by his sense of guilt. We never know Jim's surname, just as Józef Konrad Korzeniowski used only his given names. Jim looks upon himself as a renegade who has brought shame to his parents and relations. For he is a deserter, even though his desertion occurred under such circumstances that he is not really responsible for it.

He goes as second officer on an old steamer crossing the Indian Ocean. In the middle of the night the ship runs into some great object, apparently a floating beam. The impact is gentle, but when the engines are stopped and the trouble is investigated it appears that a great hole has been torn in the ship and that only a rusty bulkhead is keeping the water from entering. This bulkhead may give way at any moment, and then the whole ship will inevitably sink like a stone. There is no possibility of saving the eight hundred passengers, all of them Mohammedan pilgrims, since

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there are too few lifeboats. The captain is a rascal who decides to leave the ship quietly with the other officers. As an honest man, Jim refuses to leave the ship and its passengers to their fate. He wants to remain on board, though he has not the faintest hope that the boat will keep afloat until daybreak. But he knows that the seaman must remain at his post until all the passengers are saved.

In the darkness of the night two boats are lowered. The captain and all the officers but Jim leap in. Then a voice calls to him out of the darkness, 'Jump!' It is a voice of a superior officer, and Jim loses his head, follows the suggestion, and leaps, whereupon the man who tempted him whispers in his ear, 'The boat must sink at once.' Jim has become a deserter.

In describing this scene Conrad uses every means to make Jim's conduct seem the only humanly comprehensible line he could have taken. We feel that any other man in his place would have jumped into the boat, yet Jim must suffer for it. All the mitigating circumstances put together do not relieve him of his guilt.

The abandoned ship of pilgrims, contrary to the expectation of its officers, does not sink. The next day it is discovered by a French warship and is conducted to Aden. The case is investigated and a court declares that the ship's officers, including Jim, must lose their commissions.

From this time on Jim wanders through the Orient, never returning to Europe. Now and then he gets a good job in some harbor, but it never lasts long because some echo of the affair on the pilgrim ship always reaches him and drives him away. He keeps looking for a place where nobody knows anything about the whole episode, and he finally comes to a Malayan village in Farther India. Without meaning to, he becomes the arbiter of destiny for this remote world. Everything goes well until an infamous white adventurer named Brown arrives in the village with a handful of followers. Jim could have disarmed them all and sent them away or let them starve to death, but a curious weakness prevents him. His passive attitude is very much like Hamlet's. Finally, Brown massacres the natives. Jim takes the blame and expiates the crime with his own life.

IF WE follow the plot step by step, we see that every detail corresponds to Conrad's early history. We have here one of those instances of a writer's revealing his life problem in profound symbolic form, instead of through conscious, æsthetic creation. The ship officered by rascals and cowards we can compare only to unfortunate Poland, which, up to the time when it was last divided, was all too often ruled by people who simply could not place the interests of the whole community ahead of their individual interests. The whole system was so rotten that any small accident was enough to imperil the nation's existence. Yet Poland was not lost; even after the final partition it at least preserved its cultural and linguistic unity, though it had no commercial freedom—thus corresponding to the ship with no engines. And at this hour of great danger the nation's leaders desert. One man of honor wants to stay, but a superior officer calls out to him, urging him to save his skin—and he jumps.

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Am I presumptuous in suggesting that the superior officer bears more or less resemblance to Uncle Tadeusz, who urged his nephew for seven full years to become a British citizen? Is it absurd, as one British critic says, for me to assert that one half of the novel, *Lord Jim*, is an unconscious admission on Conrad's part that he was guilty of desertion? Who is to save Poland, to get its machinery in motion, if not the educated classes? But too often these educated people wander away or go over to the enemy.

Even the name of the pilgrim ship, '*Patna*,' bears a close resemblance to the word '*patria*,' and it is also a significant detail that a French warship saves the crippled vessel. The Indian Ocean is not teeming with French ships of war, but the explanation lies in the fact that since Napoleon's ascent to power Poland always hoped that its salvation would be brought about by the military power of France, and Conrad, like most of his compatriots, was a great admirer of the Corsican. When young Conrad left Poland he almost believed that he would eventually return a rich man. This thought is revealed in *The Rover*, in which the hero returns rich and prominent to his newly revived fatherland, and dies fighting its enemies abroad. It is more than mere chance that this novel is the only one of Conrad's books in which the hero really returns home. It was written when Poland was fighting the Russian invasion, and Conrad was seriously thinking of going back to his native land.

The tragic tricks of fate that appear in all his books reveal how difficult and inevitable was the profound conflict that Joseph Conrad had to endure as a result of suppressing his affinity with Poland. His was something more than mere pessimism. His soul, tortured by irrational attacks of conscience, kept asking, 'Then I stood, without knowing it, at the crossroads. Should I have done something different?' And, taking the reader to witness, he asks destiny and the world, 'Would one man in a thousand have acted differently?'

Poor Conrad, you, like so many of your heroes, like Jim, like Almayer, like Janko, had to die with the question on your lips, not getting more than an echo for answer.

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As head of his own publishing business and as a critic of distinction, M. Grasset is uniquely qualified to judge modern French fiction. Nor does he hesitate to return an unfavorable verdict.

French Fiction *in* Distress

By BERNARD GRASSET

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*
Paris Literary Weekly

THE French novel is undergoing a crisis that cannot be explained away by the contraction that is occurring in every sphere of literary production, a contraction created by too long a period of inflation. The novel is now encountering difficulties of its own whose origins I believe date back to long before the War. During the period that is now coming to a close, mediocre people have certainly preferred the novel to any other literary form. It has been a period during which an extensive and mediocre public arrogated to itself the right of judging all talent, and making a display by attacking intellectual matters. People of every kind regarded the novel as the one form of literature which did not need to have anything really literary about it and which lent itself better than any other literary form to the competitions that were becoming increasingly popular. In fact, I believe that the present crisis of the novel arises from an abuse of, or perhaps I should rather say a deviation from the purpose of, a literary form that custom has long consecrated in France, an abuse that began with the period of confusion and excess from which we are now painfully emerging.

Etymology may be able to help us here. The word 'novel' ('*roman*') is certainly one of the oldest in our language. In fact, the word preceded the language, since it was first used to designate the language from which French developed. 'Corrupt Latin, vulgar Latin' is the definition the dictionaries give, but it would be more accurate to speak of it as the folk language, a language suited to useful relationships, a language that literary people disdained. But not entirely so.

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For it was in that language of the majority that certain works addressed to the majority were written, stories that had no other aim than to distract and serve the public. Such works were referred to as '*romans*.'

If anyone should object to my going back so far in discussing a literary form that seems to have no connection with stories written before the French language was formed, I should reply that in my opinion one cannot pass a fair judgment on the subsequent encroachments of the novel and its present pretensions without due regard to its popular origins.

Thus, at a time when Latin was used by those who were writing for posterity, the story-tellers whose only aim was to distract their own generation made use of vulgar speech. Today such modesty seems inexplicable. Nevertheless, we must recognize that in the various literatures from which ours sprang the imaginative tale that was destined to develop into the modern novel occupied no place at all. By contrasting fiction and all other expressions of thought or emotion I do not, of course, refuse to admit fiction to the citadel of letters. I only want to state that the ancients distinguished more frankly than we do between what distracted a man and what elevated him, and that they had no doubt but what the author had to choose between public favor and intellectual reward.

For a long time story-tellers were satisfied with interesting the masses in characters born of their imagination and with enjoying the notoriety they earned by adapting their stories perfectly to the taste of their period. Of course, certain writers were aware that the advantage of being accessible to the masses deprived them of literary glory, in other words, that they were renouncing immortality as a sacrifice to contemporary taste. Not a few such writers foresaw the decline of the novel that we are now witnessing, but they freely accepted the choice they had to make between contemporary popularity and future esteem. In my opinion, the recent resistance that novelists have put up against this necessary choice is the source of our present difficulties.

TAKE it from one who has for twenty years enjoyed the confidence of novelists, heard their plans, and witnessed their hesitations. All novelists are exposed to the temptation of pleasing the crowd, both the most mediocre novelists, who ought to be content with that function alone, and, at the other extreme, those whose qualities cannot be adapted to contemporary taste, men who cannot win a large audience, at least in their lifetime. Yet, nothing could be more natural than that they should all share this desire for popularity, and no one would dream of reproaching them if each novelist made a frank choice, either selecting literary glory by resigning himself to waiting for it or else choosing rapid notoriety and renouncing the consecration reserved to men of spirit. But the great majority of modern novelists will not renounce either profit or glory, and some whose work does not even succeed in distracting the contemporary public lay claim to immortality.

Distraction is the word that we must keep in mind here. Indeed, it seems as if French intelligence and even French genius had been devoting

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themselves to distraction for a whole generation. What does distraction mean, if not detaching a man from his preoccupations and pursuits and interesting him in the preoccupations of imaginary creatures by associating him with their pursuits? And is n't that the very object of the novel? To put the matter more clearly, does n't the attraction of this literary form reside in the fact that it permits us to forget our own personalities in fictitious personalities, offering us other lives so that we may forget our own? Other lives and other living creatures, these are the key words that should preoccupy us. I even believe that this deviation from its purpose to which I choose to attribute most of the difficulties of the novel can be explained only by the fact that too many literary generations neglected the proper objective of the novel, which is to create life, 'to serve as a contrast to one's ordinary way of life,' as Balzac said, by which statement he tried to defend the essential character of a literary style that his own genius illustrated. Indeed, it even seems as if he had a presentiment of the strange use to which the novel would be put in days to come.

What were the first infringements made upon the novel? How did the tendency for this one literary style to contain all other styles begin? How did a process that has been going on in French literature for more than fifty years have its start? It is not my aim to answer these questions here. I shall let others decide whether the anxiety of Rousseau or the immortal poetry of *Adolphe* was responsible for the nineteenth-century flood of confessions masquerading as novels. For that matter, there is no reason why the novel should not fall back on the ego. A new being can perfectly well emerge, because we are always to some extent novelists of our own lives. I shall therefore confine myself to the more serious threats that menace the very existence of the novel and that neglect and even deny its true rôle, which is to give birth to living characters.

To make myself understood, I must now make use of a vulgar formula, because only vulgar spirits can imagine using the novel for an end to which it is not suited. Let me therefore state that the novel became dangerous from the moment that certain people who lacked the gift of creating life arrogated to themselves the right to put ideas into novels.

'To put ideas into novels'—it is this absurd pretension that is the source of an evil that a whole literary genre is suffering from to-day. To give characters names without considering that first they should be engendered, to give them an outward appearance or at least a way of speech without giving them life, and, often without even making them capable of life, to make characters talk and laugh, succeed and fail, with the sole purpose of defending or combating a certain thesis—this is the vain task to which men have devoted gifts that might, if properly directed, have been of service to letters.

'But that's the only way to get published!' some critics will reply. 'One must resort to the novel form in order to attract a public that one would entirely miss by simply announcing pure thoughts.' Not necessarily. Such an abuse of the novel arises partly from an error. 'To have ideas is not everything,' Gracián wrote; 'genius also is necessary.' And

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even the best of us are able to misconceive the natural direction of our own creative powers. What happened was that, when certain self-styled novelists believed themselves no longer called upon to create life, the literary form they invaded was thrown open to all who had or believed they had something to say. It would take a long time to enumerate all the moralists, historians, psychologists, journalists, scholars, and poets who in our time have turned their energies into writing novels instead of making proper use of their gifts.

EVEN the best writers, I believe, deceive themselves, and everyone attracted by their success is falling into their error. These disciples are still amazed by the professional skill that this type of writer has acquired in masking his insufficiency. But the public, which has no interest in matters of this kind, is beginning to grow refractory. For my part, I even believe that the public will be the source of our salvation and that those who pretend they are playing a literary rôle will have no choice but to follow the instincts of the masses. Of course, common sense will not triumph without some struggle. Certain positions will be bitterly defended and the most violent kind of reaction may be expected from all those whose occupation brings them notoriety if not glory. One of these writers recently declared in an interview that he enjoyed combining fiction and history and that, for his part, he was taking over the methods of the historian. What an easy way of denying that he possessed the inspiration to write fiction. Has n't he utterly confused the source of the novel, and its purpose? The novel has no more to do with history than it has with morality, science, poetry, or medicine. The novel is essentially a piece of fiction that genius infuses with life. If the novel becomes history it is not because its elements are rooted in history, or borrowed from reality; it is because some man has the gift of transforming his romantic intuitions into reality, and this reality becomes part of history.

Thus we can borrow from fiction as well as from reality whatever suits our own intellectual curiosity. 'Balzac created a world without trying to prove anything,' Mauriac has said, and, I should like to add, 'moved solely by the need to engender life and carried on by the gift that was in him.'

We touch here another essential point—the illusion of all false novelists that they can create a living character simply by describing a real person. I have even known one writer whose imagination was so impotent that he could not write a novel without taking a real person as his model and without imploring this benevolent collaborator to give him the same documents that a historian requires. It is easy to imagine the results of such a method. Nothing can replace the power to engender living characters. The greatest writers feel the reality of the characters born of their imagination before their genius reveals them to the public.

At this point I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting an anecdote that Duvernois tells of Balzac: 'One day, while he was working in his usual disorderly fashion, a friend entered his study and announced Madame Marneffe, the horrible and seductive

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imaginary character in *Cousine Bette*. Balzac feverishly tightened his cravat, passed a hand through his sparse hair, and cried out, "Let her enter!" This anecdote creates laughter, but it is worthy of admiration. Announce in a loud voice the name of any character in an ordinary novel. It will sound false, a phantom name that applies to an unreal being. But speak of Modeste Mignon and a real person will arise. This is the whole point.'

YES, this is the whole point, and it is only after a period of confusion lasting nearly a century that certain people are realizing it and feeling themselves sufficiently backed up by public opinion to proclaim the fact. Not that we may expect a sudden liberation of the novel. The apparent facility of this form of writing and the great audience it attracts, to say nothing of the financial profits involved, will retard for a long time both the artificial novelists and the real writers who have wandered out of their proper sphere or who are overgreedy for gain. Moreover, it should be added that it is not only a question of liberating the novel but of liberating all other literary forms. To be more exact, it is the return of each writer to the method and object proper to his own ability.

The novel's invasion by other literary forms brought about an attack by the novel and a conquest of all intellectual spheres. For some time past historians and that part of the public which expects what it reads to be true have deplored the liberties that novelists are taking with history and the way they are sacrificing themselves to the recent fashion for novelized biography. Scholars, psychologists, travelers all make the same complaints. The novel seems to have become an outlet for facility of every kind and has thus lost its most precious values. And for this very simple reason the novelist, whose proper function is to create new reality, now has won the right to deform whatever he touches.

'It was the error of the nineteenth century,' Jacques Bainville has said, 'to have made the novel into a work of art and perhaps to have looked upon it as a work of art at all.' This rather summary judgment reminds us that other forms of thought are now aspiring to recover an independence that has been compromised far too long, and, moreover, that the public is beginning to revolt against those doubtful forms of nourishment which certain novelists are mingling with their fiction. We should therefore feel ourselves somewhat in debt to the great public, whom it is so easy to decry, and thank it for a return to order.

A somewhat brutal restriction of the novel to its proper sphere by a public weary of the pretensions that it has too long been following need not discourage even the most modest novelist, if he has faith in his gift of giving pleasure. It is only to be hoped that those who consecrate themselves to exploiting this gift will not be too greedy, and above all, that they will not expect lasting literary glory for anything except giving birth to living characters. And perhaps this should be added: 'May they not envy a Balzac too much for having peopled the world with his creations, since he paid for his glory, as every creator has done, with a real renunciation of life.'

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This is more than a tale of unrelieved tragedy. It portrays the kind of suffering that has driven five million jobless Germans close to revolution.

One More Unfortunate

By HANS-ULLRICH DREYER

Translated from *Vorwärts*
Berlin Official Socialist Daily

NEWS DISPATCH: On the night of February 13 a woman threw herself into the river from the Gotzkowsky Bridge. The suicide was rescued, but died soon after being taken to the hospital. She had no papers of identity. The reasons for her suicide are unknown. The drowned person was between nineteen and twenty-two years old, 5 feet 4 inches tall, with light brown hair, brown eyes, and regular features. Her clothing was worn and ragged. Inquiries should be addressed to Room 16 at the Police Office.

The facts: Every morning at seven-twenty, Martha Bogdansky went from the metropolitan railway station near the bank to her office. There she sat at a typewriter filling out bills. She drew up balance sheets, wrote statements, telephoned, and took dictation, always a little nervously, from her chief. She sat until five o'clock looking out on the gray walls of a back yard above which she could see only a little speck of blue sky that made her happy but often filled her with yearning.

For nine hours a day Martha worked between the dreary walls of a business office. Nine hours of nervous labor, constantly interrupted by shrill telephone bells. For nine hours all private thoughts, conversations, and youthful laughter were forbidden, and after nine hours Martha went home exhausted. Her ears rang with the clatter and rattle of the big typewriters. Her eyes were weary from reading long columns of figures, and her finger nails were cracked and broken from working her heavy machine. And for all this she received a hundred and ten marks at the end of each month. She took ninety marks home with her and the state and social

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institutions took twenty marks. Thus she worked for ninety marks and knew that there were plenty of people who brought even less home with them.

Those of us who do not work in the frantic atmosphere of business or who occupy better paid positions that give us more freedom and self-respect can not help shuddering at the thought of such a narrow life, and we cannot imagine how anyone is able to stand it.

Yet it is not so unbearably hard to work in a badly built and ill-lighted office like the one Martha occupied and to have a very small income and a room in the proletarian quarter of the city. But it would be unbearable if it were not for the fact that habit accustoms us to anything. For in the course of time—and habit is the sister of time—we no longer see the dark back yard, the badly built, stuffy office, and we find that we have accepted Martha's standard of living. Gradually we begin to love this narrow life, which no longer seems narrow because we are living it ourselves. When we look with our own eyes at our own life it always seems a little bit larger to us than it does to the eyes of others, or than it really is.

Of course, Martha had never thought of such things. But often, when she looked at the expenditures of the shop she worked for and at the prices of the clothes that pleased her and that she could never buy with her salary, she felt a little bitter. And when she would say with a resigned air, 'No, I can't permit myself that,' she was suppressing a profound desire that stormed within her. At such moments life seemed poor and hopeless. But Martha, who had been thrown into the midst of life at an early age, close to reality, and accepting whatever came her way, quickly overcame these 'crazy fits,' as she called them, and instinctively tried to sublimate her unfulfilled wishes or else with a hopeful smile postponed satisfying them until later.

Thus her life passed, peaceful and happy on the whole. Three years ago, when she was sixteen years old, her mother had died of a long, painful illness. Then came solitude, and a little single room in the proletarian quarter. It was hard to be so utterly alone, for her father and brother had both fallen in the War, and it was hard to get her teeth into real life, but she had succeeded, and was proud and happy to have done so well.

It was through a friend of hers that she came to know Paul. He was a shipping clerk who earned eighty more marks a month than Martha. He was two years older than she, happy and carefree. In the evening he would take her home from her office. They would walk a bit, then sit and talk in some café, discussing all the little joys and sorrows of their daily lives. A quiet affection sprang up between them, and Martha gave way to this new, exacting sensation utterly and genuinely.

THIS was the life she was leading when she was suddenly told in a few words that she was dismissed. She knew what that meant—hunger, hopelessness, no work. The newspapers were filled with articles about the world economic crisis and the unemployment problem, though to many people these words signified just one brutal fact, death. But Martha's thoughts did not go so far as that.

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She was too young, too eager, too vital; and, anyway, Paul was there too.

Martha took up the struggle with courage and energy. She brought to bear all the stoicism and all the hungry joy of living of a fighting child of the proletariat. Without work she could no longer afford her room, but a woman's real home is where she loves. So she went to Paul. It seemed to her the most natural thing in the world, for where else could she go if not to Paul? Furthermore, help is offered more naturally and gladly among the classes nearest to misery.

Everything went well for three months and it seemed as if Martha's energy would be able to prevail over fate. She had a man whom she loved and cared for, and she took this activity seriously. She did Paul's cooking and washing and kept his little quarters for him. Everything went well. But after three months Martha discovered with cold dismay that Paul had taken up with another woman, that he loved her and was deceiving Martha. She could work, reckon, and save for him. She could fight for him. But against this intangible emotion of love, against this desire for another woman, Martha had no comrade to help her. She felt full of sorrow as Paul became more indifferent to her. He seemed to resent her existence, and she felt that she stood between him and this new love. He now came home late or not at all and was silent and absent-minded. Gradually, a numb tension came into their life together, making it unbearable to Martha. None the less, she could not muster the will power to leave him. She felt cowardly and futile standing in his way, eating his bread, accepting his money, now that her claim to it had disappeared, but the hopeless prospect of a solitary life of hunger apart from him kept her from departing. This agonizing struggle continued a long time, until one day she discovered in the pocket of his Sunday suit a bill for another lodging. She saw how much money it was, thought of the other woman, and reflected that the other woman was living there and that she was standing in her way. This fact enabled her to make up her mind to leave Paul. That evening a simple written message informed Paul of Martha's departure.

The first night Martha spent wandering aimlessly about the streets until dawn. She then sat down exhausted on a bench to snatch a bit of sleep, but a policeman woke her up and gruffly ordered her to move on. She found another bench where she succeeded in falling asleep but kept jerking convulsively whenever she heard footsteps in the distance. Suddenly she woke up completely and saw a man approaching who spoke to her with obscene words. Martha fled in terror, and her poor, frightened heart kept beating fast for two blocks.

The next night she spent in a free shelter, and succeeding nights she spent in the sleeping rooms of the Salvation Army. But in all these sleeping places she found the same atmosphere of crime, poverty, bad air, rude language, and degenerate bodies. The filthy surroundings made Martha physically sick, but she had to keep returning to them in order to sleep. By day she would wait about hopelessly and sometimes snatch a few hours of sleep that brought her forgetfulness and a little fresh strength. By day, too, she suffered from hunger

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and sorrow and yearning for Paul as she begged hopelessly for work. More and more her life became crowned by gray despair. She would think of the torn sheets of note paper that she used to use in her office, which now seemed peaceful and reliable. Who, she wondered, was sitting at her machine, on which the letters *a* and *e* were slightly flattened? This machine had often acted like a stubborn animal, leaping suddenly, tearing the word she was writing, and making it necessary for her to put in a new sheet of paper. Did it still act the same way? How petty these little troubles she used to suffer from now seemed. Often she would wander to the block of buildings where her former office stood, but when she saw a familiar face she would flee back into her jobless, tortured life.

One day she was brought unconscious to the hospital, where the doctor said that she was suffering from undernourishment and bad nerves. There she lay still and very limp in a clean white bed, sleeping long and renewing her energies. When she was let out she again resumed her battle with gray despair. At the employment office she saw the same old faces again, a little paler and more peaked than they used to be, and she again spent her days in the same weary cycle, warming herself in shops and looking for free samples of food. The first snow fell and the night shelters were all overcrowded now, so that she often had to go out into the cold, gray night without sleep. Pursued by police and constantly solicited by men, she learned how to rest in doorways and other apertures. Things were going hard with Martha, very hard. Her hair matted and she could hardly comb it in the morning in the wash rooms of the various stores. Her clothes became worn out and shiny, but hunger was the worst. Once she tried to sell herself to a man, but she fled before him in terror at the last minute.

ONE night Martha stood at the water's edge, thinking long thoughts. She knew that it would have to happen now, and on that bridge. Always a little residue of hope and energy had prevented her from taking this step, and Martha had willingly kept from taking it, for she wanted to live, work, and be contented, even a little happy. She wanted these things with every fibre in her body, but there was no possible way out of her present life except this irrevocable leap into the water.

Martha had not thought much about death. She was too fond of living and too young. All she knew was that when one met the man one loved one had to give way to unrestrained tears, that there was nothing else to do but cry. And she knew, too, that death is hard and changes everything and leads to darkness. She thought of the slow, painful death of her mother, of the interminable pangs of cancer. She still saw her mother's face before her, its nose protruding stiffly like wax. She had worn a quiet expression and had looked grand and noble, as if everything petty had been washed away. Then, too, one had to pray and weep without restraint; there was nothing else to do under the circumstances. Would she, too, look like that? But who would weep over her? Perhaps Paul would a little, though he knew nothing about her and probably never would.

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If someone were here now, thought Martha, and were to give me good advice, perhaps stroke me a little gently and softly, no doubt I should not do this thing. Or if I had something decent to eat, then, too, I should not do it. For if one has something warm inside one the world looks quite different. But this way . . .

She walked slowly to the bridge and leaned over the balustrade. Is there a God above? she wondered. But who can know all that? As it is people know far too much. If they did n't perhaps life would be a lot easier. Every time Martha used to feel disturbed she would go to her mother, and after her mother's death she still did the same thing, raising her mother unconsciously to the position of God and praying to her for aid. It was quite natural that her mother, who had always helped her in life, should still be able to help her after death. So Martha prayed, emptied her pocket of all its papers, tore them up carefully, and threw them into the water. Slowly, the white bits of paper floated on the stream, while the lights from the street lamps played upon them through the darkness. Now she did n't need to go and have them stamped any more, she reflected. And her hunger seemed to cease at the same moment, her weariness, and her need for sleep. Paul would exist no more. 'Ah, Paul,' she sighed, 'it is very hard. This leap is like a very, very hard task, but I've got to do it.'

She looked down into the slow-moving stream, which flowed darkly between snow-covered banks. In summer it must be easier, she thought, for then the water looks greener, friendlier, and brighter, and she remembered one Sunday morning when she and Paul had seen the sun rise over a lake. She could still recall the reflections of red and green foliage and of the violet-blue heaven that she saw that morning in the water, and she could still hear the cries of the water birds. Martha drew a deep sigh, pulled herself up on the balustrade, and then let herself fall.

As she fell she thought to herself that this was all nothing but a dream, all this misery, hunger, and despair. 'When I hit the water below,' she reflected in a flash, 'I shall wake up in bed with my heart beating and all this will turn out not to be true. I am going to business again, to my old typewriter with its bad type that bothers me so when it tears the paper and I have to put in a new sheet. Paul is coming to get me this evening and we shall laugh together about this comical dream.'

As her body fell it hit one of the concrete supports of the bridge with a dull thud, bounced off, and sank gurgling into the water. A man in a nearby skiff saw the suicide and brought the body to shore. The bleeding, formless mass still had life in it and was taken to a hospital. That night, on February 13, at four o'clock in the morning, Martha died without recovering consciousness. The unknown corpse in Room 18, Bed 104 was sent that morning to the morgue on Hannoversche Strasse to await identification.

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AMERICA LOOKS ABROAD

Law versus Force in the Solution of International Controversies

By Frederic R. Coudert

FEW THINGS are more difficult to estimate in working for human progress than the element of time. The natural impatience at seemingly intolerable conditions makes it difficult for the innovator or the reformer to realize how very slow is the process of human betterment. The anthropologists tell us that man has been here for a period of from three hundred thousand to a million years, and we know that our recorded history goes back for only some eight or ten thousand years.

It is, at times, discouraging to find that, although the War has now been over for nearly thirteen years, the world is everywhere faced with problems of utmost difficulty, and in every nation we find states of mind inimical to real peace. Are we living in a mere truce, preparing to renew the call to arms? Who can say?

There are two theories of human development. The one acquiesces in a fatalism in which the human conscious will plays little or no part. The other, the one which we Americans unhesitatingly accept, is the ability of man as a rational being to affect, direct, and ultimately shape his own destiny.

To those who, like the German philosopher, Spengler, adopt the first view, there is little in the world to inspire hope. It may well be argued that we are drifting along through years of chaos and war and that our mechanical discoveries will serve only to destroy our present hard-earned civilization. Once this theory is admitted, inaction, pessimism, and despair must be the order of the day. Fortunately, mankind is endowed with hope and with faith, and most of us believe in the validity of human effort. The gloomy forebodings of a few high intellectuals cannot destroy our faith or dampen our ardor in the belief that intelligent individual effort must, in the end, triumph over animal instinct and the original sin of the theologians.

It is with this attitude of mind that we must view the present situation throughout the world in this dark hour of human maladjustment and widespread misery. Are there any problems that are insoluble by human good will, directed by human intelligence? Let us look at the situation to-day in Europe, where the War has left a legacy of hatred and has unchained disruptive forces such as have not been witnessed in history since the outbreak of the French Revolution.

If the system of unlimited national sovereignty unmitigated by an effective realization of human solidarity is to prevail, I see no issue but war. The balance of power is but a euphemistic term for preponderance of power, and, if the race for power is to continue, it must result in another world conflict. Wars can no longer be carried on in water-tight compartments with disinterested nations as spectators.

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The widespread economic depression that has so affected the people of our own land is admittedly part of a greater whole. World trade is disorganized, maladjustment is found everywhere, and the dread of war, revolution, and anarchy is prevalent.

The law is in last analysis the triumph of man as a rational animal. Sir Henry Sumner Maine once said that the progress of society was from force to fraud, but I prefer to believe that it is from force to law.

In the babble of conflicting opinions to-day, two currents of opinion stand out clearly and are found in varying degrees among the peoples of the diverse nations. Firstly, the belief that international relations can be regulated only through force, and that national armament is the surest guaranty of peace. Secondly, the recent but growing conviction that force has failed and that conciliation through law and justice must take its place if civilization is to survive.

This latter view has impressed itself upon international relations through the treaty-making power. It has created the League of Nations and a vast nexus of treaty law and relationships. It has organized and maintained the Permanent Court of International Justice and has translated itself into an almost continuous series of international conferences aimed to adjust conflicting international interests and differences.

Arbitration in the history of nations as a usual method of procedure is, indeed, recent. England and America have blazed the way since the time of the Jay Treaty. Anglo-American relations have been maintained peacefully through a hundred years despite bitter controversies, because public opinion in each nation realized that these controversies could and must be terminated by arbitration. The more difficult controversies, however, are not always susceptible of legal solution. Nations differ regarding their interests rather than over legal rights. In fact, their views as to the sound rule of international law in many instances is governed by their view of their own interest.

The outstanding feature of the present time is the rapidity with which fundamental changes are taking place in the institutional life of nations. The Constitution of the United States itself may be said to be the oldest in the world to-day; all others have changed within recent times more completely and more fundamentally than our own. Since the War there has been created a most complete and far-extending mechanism for the settlement of disputes, both of a justiciable and of a nonjusticiable nature. Let us look a little at what has been done by jurists of all nations in this regard.

In going back a few years in our own history we can see what advance has been made and how quickly has arisen this legal nexus embracing the greater part of the world in an obligation to resort to pacific methods rather than court the arbitrament of Mars.

In August 1911 there were signed two arbitration treaties, the one with France and the other with Great Britain, which, under the impetus of William Howard Taft, went far toward the institution of pacific or legal means for the settlement of all controversies. In these treaties we find clear recognition of the fact that international controversies fall naturally into two classes, those which are

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susceptible of determination through law, and those which in their nature are not so determinable, but must be resolved by the processes of investigation and conciliation.

These two treaties gave rise to spirited controversy both within the Senate and throughout the country and were finally ratified by the Senate, but with such broad amendments or reservations that they were not accepted by the President and thus the treaties never became effective. It was interesting to see at the time how vigorous an attack was made upon the proposed treaties on the ground that many controversies might not fall within the legal category and that international rights might be improvidently surrendered.

THE most conspicuous opponent to these treaties was the late Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, the eminent historian, whose masterful history of sea power has had such vast influence in the world. It is for this reason that I am tempted here to publish for the first time a letter that he wrote to me after reading some notes of mine for a public address in favor of the ratification of the treaties. I feel that he has set out the case for force as against the case for law or pacific settlement more strongly than any one else.

The questions that he raised are still widely debated in our land and whatever intelligent opposition to the ratification of the Protocol of the World Court and whatever hostility to the League of Nations still remain must be predicated upon the powerful reasoning of Admiral Mahan. In this letter that he wrote me in early January 1912, he says:—

Dear Mr. Coudert:

I read your intended speech, which you so kindly sent me, over last evening and again this morning. I fear we are farther apart in our views, broadly, than you think; though we agree in believing that Mr. Root's amendment—or rather his proposed declaration—will fairly safeguard the treaties, which cannot, in my judgment, be safely considered in themselves alone (as I understand your speech to hold) but in the light that it will be invidious to refuse to other civilized states, notably Germany, a treaty like in terms to that conceded to France and Great Britain. This, the view of the majority of the Senate Committee, is evidently shared by Mr. Root; hence his proposition. The national position of Germany and her international position, both, place her, and Japan, on a very different ground from the two other states.

For these reasons I differ from your conclusion that the precise question at bar is the two treaties now before the Senate. I hold that reasonable foresight requires we consider whether we can constitute these two specially 'favored' nations—ignoring the others, Germany and Japan chiefly.

You overlook, I think, that law often lags behind conditions; and that therefore a case may be 'justiciable,' because there is a law which perpetuates injustice. The case of the United States against Spain, in 1898, is in point. The war may have been precipitated by the *Maine* affair; but I think with good ground it was bound to come, and I hold that a powerful nation like the United States is bound in 'honor' to put a stop to the wanton misery Spain was causing at our very doors. It was a question of national

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honor as I understand honor. The nations of Europe are dishonored by their failure to control the like outrages of Turkey; although by law Turkey is entitled to mismanage her own affairs.

The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina was a lawless act. Taken to a court, the court must decide that the provinces were Turkey's. Yet if you will inform yourself as to the comparative conditions of those peoples before and since, or contrast with their present state that of the remaining provinces of Turkey, you can scarcely fail to admit that force has effected that to which law was unequal.

To a less exaggerated extent our interposition saved Cuba from a similar continuance of horrors. When Senator Proctor in 1897–8 made his report of the conditions in the island, one who knew them well asked him: 'Why did you not tell the whole?' He replied, 'If I had told all I saw, our people could not have been held back.'

Take the recent history of Morocco, notably the last decade. Carry the case to court. What can the court say? Simply that the territory belongs to Morocco, and the other nations must get out. That would mean the relegation of the country to the fruitless anarchy of the last three hundred years for an indefinite further period. You doubtless know the difference to Algiers from the French occupation; again force, not law.

This case, that of Turkey, cited, and that of Persia, not cited, indicate conditions to which law is inadequate, and I doubt if it can be made adequate. The characteristic of your speech is that it is that of an advocate, whose business is to make the best for his own side, and to ignore the *per contra*. I question whether a man of your position and ability should so confine himself in a public question. The President, though of a judicial temperament, did the same last night. He calmly asserted that the Monroe Doctrine, being a national policy, is not justiciable; that is, a case under it is not capable of determination upon principles of law and equity. Where does he find this? What is his authority? The treaty says nothing of national policy as an exception, though Root's declaration does. Where in international law will he find his authority? As far as I know there is no code of international law. There is a mass of cases, precedents, which have been digested, and from which various eminent men have deduced and formulated certain conclusions that are styled principles not incorrectly, so far as they embody general assent or consent. And there are treaties, a kind of statutory law. But, as far as all this goes, it is an established principle that a nation may acquire territory by conquest, by purchase, by annexation, and so forth. The Monroe Doctrine says this principle shall not apply in the American hemisphere. Very good. International law says: You have a right so to decide for yourselves, and to maintain the position, if you can, by force or fighting; but, as for saying that what international law as a *consensus* affirms is made nonjusticiable by the decision of a *single state*, the proposition carries its own refutation. . . .

Sincerely yours,

A. T. MAHAN

I found the letter so interesting and the argument so forceful that I sent a copy of it to my friend, Judge John

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Bassett Moore, to-day and for many years past the outstanding figure among the international lawyers of the world, as well as the first American judge in the World Court. His comment upon Admiral Mahan's letter is illustrative of the fundamental difference of point of view between the soldier and the lawyer—between the man brought up to think of every dispute or controversy in terms of conciliation and, when that fails, a law suit, and the man trained in the belief that the vital issues in world politics have in the past been settled by the arbitrament of force and must in the future be ultimately resolved in similar fashion.

Judge Moore's letter to me, dated January 11, 1912, contains the following:—

'I am inclined to think that the difference between you and Admiral Mahan is not capable of complete adjustment. It is the difference between the legal point of view and the naval point of view. As a student of law, you naturally seek the legal adjustment of differences; as a student of naval history, the Admiral is more ready to think that a better result could be secured by force than by a specific legal process. There is a point at which these two views cannot be reconciled by any argument on specific cases.

'Moltke said that peace was a dream and not even a beautiful dream. Bismarck tells us that Moltke looked aged and infirm when peace was in prospect, but recovered his appetite and revived and looked young when war was in sight. On page two of your notes for an address you radically dissent from this view, and this dissent runs all through your paper. Admiral Mahan doubtless would not go so far as Moltke in desiring war for its own sake, but he maintains that war has its uses in such sense as to create the inference that he thinks it will always have its uses, in other words, that it has a permanent place in the world's economy, or, if not a permanent place, at any rate an important place for an indefinite time.

'As to the War of 1812, I regard it as a popular movement. The question of impressment was at the last moment raised to a prominence which it did not occupy in the discussions immediately preceding the outbreak, and was so raised because the administration of the day was unable to furnish authentic proof of the accuracy of its assertion that the French decrees had been revoked. I may remark that Admiral Mahan's discussion of the causes of the War of 1812 in his *Sea Power and Its Relations to the War of 1812* is the fairest and most temperate and also the most thorough that has been produced in this country.'

WE must remember that in the last century the world has changed vastly from the world which Admiral Mahan as an historian lived in and so vividly described in his great works on sea power. At that time small armies, consisting of a few thousand men, fought what might be described as international duels. The civil population was comparatively little troubled. Since then universal conscription and modern science have made wars utterly destructive to all concerned. Europe lost some ten million men and suffered infinite material damage and moral deterioration through four years of conflict. It is now a truism that

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another such conflict would threaten the very basis of our entire civilization.

With these considerations in mind, the League Covenant was entered into. I could not share the feelings which animated a great and honest body of American opinion in unwillingness to participate in the Geneva Pact; yet I realize that it would appear to make the world static and to impose upon Europe the war treaties as definite and unchangeable. In practice, however, we have seen Geneva a clearing house for European grievances; fullest discussion is permitted and encouraged and world opinion vastly influenced. In time, the problems and perhaps the injustices in those treaties may be resolved through the pressure of opinion and the understanding of the nations that war is contrary to the interests of all.

The League Covenant in itself has provided for the two fundamental classes into which international controversies may be said to fall—the justiciable, or legal controversies, and the controversies arising out of national interests, real or supposed.

Article 12 effects that which was suggested in the Taft proposed arbitration treaties of 1912. It is as follows:—

> The Members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture they will submit the matter either to arbitration *or judicial settlement* or to inquiry by the Council and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators *or the judicial decision*, or the report by the Council.

Article 13 provides that

> whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration *or judicial settlement*, and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration *or judicial settlement.*

And there follows in that article a most important provision defining that which is justiciable. It reads as follows:—

> Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty, as to any question of international law, as to the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of any international obligation, or as to the extent and nature of the reparation to be made for any such breach, are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for submission to arbitration or judicial settlement.

Under Article 14 provision is made for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice competent to hear and to determine any dispute of an international character that the parties thereto submit to it. As Woodrow Wilson was founder of the League, another great American, Elihu Root, may be called the founder of the Court.

This Court, as we know, has now sat and functioned continuously for a decade. It has been composed of the outstanding jurists of the civilized world. Three most distinguished Americans have sat on it, John Bassett Moore, Charles E. Hughes, and Frank Kellogg. Its ability, its learning, and its impartiality have not been and cannot be challenged. It is the greatest forward step reached by lawyers in the interests of law and order since the beginning of civilized man.

The Court, its functions, and its limitations have been widely discussed in this country and I will not reiterate that discussion. Adherence to the Court does not mean compulsory arbitration. It merely means the maintenance and support of the tribunal to which the nations may,

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as and when they wish, by mutual consent, submit their controversies. Fifty-four nations have done so—Russia, Turkey, and the United States are conspicuous by their abstention.

The thing to which I would call special attention as peculiarly significant of the force making for peace is the Optional Clause. That clause provides that the governments which so desire may

> accept as compulsory *ipso facto* and without special convention the jurisdiction of the Court.

Until recent years the Great Powers were afraid of the optional provision and it was adhered to by some thirty of the smaller states only. It is of major significance that within the last year France, England, and Germany have adopted it.

We cannot remain indifferent to the fact that the other Great Powers have agreed to submit all their legal controversies to judicial determination. In time and through education of opinion, we of America will, I believe, adopt a similar policy. American statesmen such as Taft and Root were pioneers in its advocacy. Their work has borne fruit everywhere save in the United States. I am convinced that, despite our fortunate condition, an intelligent realization of the dangers—commercial, financial, and cultural—to our nation that war must entail will come to be generally recognized, and that some day in the not far future, perhaps within a decade, we shall not merely adhere to the Court, but shall adopt the Optional Clause.

I DO not believe that any general war will ensue if the powers of the world first discuss in conference the points at issue. A long time will be given for reflection, practical solutions and compromises will be found, mob psychology will not operate, and rational man will have an opportunity. International law will grow, as it is growing, through the decisions of the World Court and special tribunals. Already there is a vast mass of judge-made law and precedent daily being created in tribunals applying international law. In the United States itself a respectable amount of law has been made by the Supreme Court and the lower federal tribunals.

In Europe I believe that the diplomacy of solidarity as against that of balance of power and national interest through force is making headway despite some appearances to the contrary; that the handmaid of that diplomacy is the law; and that the limitations of the law have been met by creating quasi-judicial bodies to deal with non-legal disputes.

I am not convinced that war will not occur in the future, but I do believe that as a legal method of seeking redress it has been outlawed by world opinion and world action and by none more emphatically than our own. That it may have had its uses in the past is an historic question with which I do not here attempt to deal, but that under modern conditions it has become impossible as a solvent of international controversy the years since 1914 have proved.

The world becomes in ever increasing degree—economically, commercially, and culturally—one. As President Hoover has well phrased it, the world is to-day economically interdependent. The religion of nationality has its dignity, its greatness, and its

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place in history, but carried to fanatical extremes it is destructive of the civilized world.

The advocate of force must yield to the advocate of law and to the advocate of solution through diplomacy and lawlike methods. The soldier has had a great place in history; he still plays an honored and a useful rôle, but that rôle must be subordinated to that of the lawyer and the statesman. The great controversies, whether justiciable or not, have become amenable to settlement through the methods employed by the bar, the impartial ascertainment of the facts, the appeal to reason, and the ultimate settlement through pacific means.

The law has its limitations, but it at least seeks, even though slowly and gropingly, to do justice. Justice can no longer be done by war itself because in itself it is the most flagrant of all injustices. I believe that if we seek peace primarily justice must necessarily follow. A nation powerful enough to carry on a great war is powerful enough to influence public opinion to the recognition of a right and the redress of a wrong.

Through the mechanisms now operating, public opinion can and will be informed and justice can be done because the facts can be impartially elicited, the arguments and view of each nation fully set forth, and time given for passions to cool and for reason to prevail.

This is no time for loss of heart. A courage as high is required to 'work' the institutions of Peace as is needed for those of war. The League, the World Court, the Paris Pact are younger even than the machine gun, lethal gas, the bombing plane, and national conscription of men and material, but they may, if honestly, patiently, and intelligently 'worked,' supersede these older methods. It especially behooves the men of the law to see that they are 'worked' to the uttermost to render the gospel of force as obsolete as the 'trial by battle' of our ancient common law.

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BOOKS ABROAD

LYAUTEY. *By André Maurois. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 1931.*

(Wladimir d'Ormesson in the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

ANDRÉ MAUROIS has written an alert, stimulating book about Marshal Lyautey, a book worthy in every respect—and this is saying a great deal—of the admirable subject with which it deals.

Telling Lyautey's history not only means describing our whole colonial expansion during the past thirty years, following Gallieni's collaborator from Indo-China to Madagascar, and seeing him forge French Morocco with his own hands; it is something more. Indeed, I was about to say that it is chiefly the task of analyzing an extraordinary and complex character, of revealing in all its different aspects one of the most splendid, constructive temperaments France has ever produced. Nothing less than Maurois's psychological dexterity was needed to carry out so difficult a task, and I may say at the outset that he has acquitted himself marvelously. He has laid bare the sources of the Marshal's activity, explained his tendencies and methods, and shown to what an extent the work he has so magnificently performed is the reflection of the genius of the man who did it.

The beginning of the book is devoted to a really delicious description of Lyautey's childhood. Even as a boy we see this future leader as he was destined to be: at once serious, intense, traditional, provincial, obstinate, determined, dominating; and at the same time supple, clever, intuitive, mobile, modern, brave, fond of innovation, possessing to a rare degree the sense of relative values, of possible contingencies and imponderables, knowing when necessary how to make reality give way to his irresistible will. There existed within him many qualities not found among ordinary mortals, and it is precisely this diversity that makes it so difficult for those who do not know Lyautey to understand him. Maurois has analyzed all this perfectly, and I do not believe that a richer, more captivating subject has ever been offered to the penetration of a psychologist.

One quality of Lyautey, and not the least of those that Maurois brilliantly reveals, was the Marshal's attitude toward the World War, that vision of his, so accurate and serious, of the European collapse that was to occur. The Marshal was the first to proclaim that we had no choice but to fight mercilessly to the death, since we were in duty bound to liberate our sacred soil and were the victims of aggression. But instead of seeing in the War an opportunity for revenge and of raising this emotion to heroic heights, Lyautey remained sombre, preoccupied, agonized, perceiving beyond the victory a Europe torn, weakened, and mortally wounded in prestige and power.

For this spreader of civilization knows just how fragile are the bases on which civilization rests. This builder abhors destruction, this reflective conservative recognizes that war is the worst enemy of the conservative spirit. This combined soldier and statesman

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is well aware of the vanity of armed conflict. Lyautey—and I can quote him personally, for I had the honor of being his orderly officer for a year, after a wound had made me unfit to return to active service—clearly foresaw the post-war difficulties. He proclaimed them and feared them. He knew that an explosion of nationalism would endanger the necessary basis of European solidarity.

In a chapter that will be read with extreme interest, Maurois describes precisely General Lyautey's career as minister of war. Since the proportions of any book impose certain sacrifices and since these tales of yesterday still demand a certain discretion in the telling, Maurois has related the essentials without entering into many details that might have been given and that add nothing to the glory of our policy.

Lyautey's sojourn in the rue Saint-Dominique during the most difficult and perhaps the most depressing period of the War coincided with two crises. One I might call a civil crisis, the struggle for authority between the ministry and Parliament which lasted until the formation of the Clemenceau cabinet. Then there was also a crisis of military command that involved two different technical conceptions. Tension was constantly increasing between the spirit that had conducted the War up to that time and the spirit that was being developed by those who had undergone experiences of their own and whose consciences had been formed by the necessities of the hour.

Lyautey felt, saw, and understood all this, but what could he do, a mere minister handicapped by a governmental combination that lived a day-to-day existence and was only barely able to defend itself? This supremely excellent man of action, accustomed to making decisions for himself and imposing them upon others when he knew they were necessary, suffered death and martyrdom at not having sufficient authority to solve the two chief problems of the hour. For three months, day after day, I witnessed this struggle of conscience, and I can certify that it was tragic. Ten, twenty times, I saw Lyautey with his head in his hands, notably one evening that I shall always remember when we were traveling by railway to the Belgian front, and he would always say the same thing: 'I know all that we ought to do to reform things, to control the conduct of the War, and first of all to prevent the offensive now being prepared, which is a dangerous piece of folly; but everywhere is glue, glue. I feel covered with it, unable to get out of it, and I can offer no opposition because I have no power. If I confided my fears to Poincaré and the government, they would reply, "Let Nivelle alone. He is in command. He is responsible for operations. Moreover, he has had military experience. He has handled masses that you have never handled." And it is true. Perhaps they are right. Perhaps my instinct deceives me but, no, it does n't deceive me. I am sure, absolutely sure of what I say, of what I foresee.'

Lyautey did not have the kind of temperament that avoids responsibility in serious matters and concentrates on secondary administrative tasks when serious questions present themselves. He preferred to go his own way and grasped the occasion to do so. Unfortunately the moment he chose was not the best one.

As one reads these pages one cannot

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help commenting on the historic hours they describe, and all Lyautey's life belongs to history. At the moment when the colonial exposition is again putting Marshal Lyautey in the spotlight, everyone will want to read this book by Maurois. We shall admire the hero whose destiny it describes and we shall admire no less the talent that describes him.

ZODIAK. *By Walter Eidlitz. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1930.*

(Richard Specht in the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna)

AMID the shrill jazz hurly-burly of modern fiction a voice has been raised that does not attempt to drown out all others with constant screeching. It does not scream; it calls, penetratingly, persistently, yet not importunately or pretentiously. It remains clear and pure, even when it speaks of monstrous things. And one listens to it as if the deafening orchestra of erotic saxophonists and 'modernistic' thinkers had suddenly been stilled. Their screeching is heard no more, for a man is speaking who has learned to see, and who goes beyond the petty themes of the day to the true turning point of our restless, hostile, menaced age. He shows in almost visionary pictures that leave a lasting impression and yet are hardly exaggerated the fearful peril that hangs over us all —the peril of man's subjugation to the machine and to soul-destroying technique, and the ghastly despiritualization and mechanization of a leveling world. Not till the end does there come a soft song of hope, of confident expectation that this critical period will master the self-begot, soulless creations that are already threatening to reduce us to servitude.

The development of the Viennese poet, Walter Eidlitz, to whom we are indebted for this rich, beautiful book has been one of slow and silent growth. His first efforts were often very tender but, despite their undoubted purity and richness, they were colorless and sometimes even weak. But *The Career of Young Clothilde* contains passages of extreme profundity and sure workmanship and is a decided step on the road to firmness and strength. And the last of those three magnificent studies in *The Mighty Ones* is simply a little masterpiece. Written while Lenin was still alive, it tells the story of his death with striking poetic prophecy, and it is as moving and illuminating as if it were a folk tale that had sprung up on Russian soil. Not only was it a high accomplishment in itself, but it bore promise of greater things to come. This promise is fulfilled in Eidlitz's new novel, *Zodiak*.

Zodiak is the name of a huge airplane of Russian manufacture, a technical miracle of unprecedented precision and safety. It is to make its first propaganda flight directly from Cairo to New York with no intermediate stops. But this flight at 180 miles an hour is not for advertising purposes, and the fantastic body of the twelve-motored monster does not contain any of the two hundred passengers it can accommodate. Only the crew of pilots and engineers go along, for the flight aims at nothing less than bringing about world revolution on a given day. Millions of proclamations in the languages of the countries passed over are dropped and inundate church roofs, streets, and houses with their bloody, burning red. The New York Communists only await the ar-

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rival of the *Zodiak* and of their Russian comrades to strike the first blow. But a few minutes before the landing, while reporters and photographers, politicians and business men vie with the wildly excited mob in pressing toward the approaching ship, it is blown to bits by an explosion. Just one occupant of the plane, a young man who is gripped with horror at the thought of the approaching 'Great Proletarian Day of Battle' and at the ghastly mission of the giant machine, escapes by putting on his parachute and letting himself over the side a few seconds before the explosion. He did not know the explosion was coming, but was prompted only by his own inner voice. He lands with a broken hip and is therefore saved, while all his fellow travelers are laid out in the morgue—mangled, unrecognizable victims of deadly technique. The day of battle is called off, the world revolution is postponed.

THE young man who was saved at the last moment by a warning of his innermost self and by a sudden recognition of his true destination comes from Asia Minor. The son of a Turkish father and Greek mother, he was born and raised in poverty, though the luxuriant climate and rich vegetation of his native village saved him from the worst forms of privation. But after the War an exchange of populations takes place: the Greeks must go to Greece, with their wives and children, their cattle and goods; and the Turks, ejected from Greece, must settle in Asia Minor again. Of course Gambo could stay, because his father was a Turk, but he throws in his lot with the Greeks.

It is with a sad heart that the sixteen-year-old boy leaves, for he is a quiet, intelligent, inwardly religious lad who loves his home and whose future path is not clear to him. They take ship near Patmos, on whose cliffs still stand the walls within which John the Evangelist lived and dreamed the Apocalypse. A friendly priest who is ending his days there in devout fervor beseeches the young man to share the life of the spirit with him.

But Gambo feels himself drawn in another direction, and as soon as he arrives in Athens he is fascinated by automobiles, airplanes, and mighty cranes. He develops a keen desire to be able to guide and control some such monster. He has to take several jobs before he finally succeeds in getting a position as a chauffeur. Thus the choice between Mount Athos and the machine shop is temporarily decided in favor of reality, of compelling technique. Through his taciturn intelligence and sinewy energy the clever young man, whose whole desire is to go to America, the land of Ford and Edison, attracts the attention of an American who engages him as secretary. But Gambo soon discovers that his innocence is being shamefully abused and his whole being besmirched by this work. He had not suspected that his employer was an armament salesman, a pedlar of ill will who arouses nations against each other in order to do a better business in hand grenades and poison gas. Yet he restrains his indignation, for he wants to go to America, and if he is recalcitrant his chief can all too easily make his trip impossible. He therefore lets himself be sent to Egypt to consummate arrangements for the delivery of a large consignment of the most deadly

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weapons. But the real reason he goes is because there lives in Cairo a delicate young Greek girl with whom he has only exchanged a few words, but for whom he cherishes a pure and hidden love. She calls him and senses his arrival, but does not live to see him; when he gazes upon her again she is lying in her coffin. He then deserts his Mr. Shell and his bloody commission and boards the *Zodiak*, which is taking off in an hour.

Not till he is lying in a New York hospital does he realize how close he came to giving himself to the worship of Baal, and the words with which Henry Ford closes his book, *To-day and To-morrow*, sear their way into his soul: 'Shall we not some day reach a point where the machine becomes all powerful and the man of no consequence?' But now he knows otherwise: 'I believe that we men must achieve a wholly new knowledge. We shall indeed have to increase our knowledge in order to remain the master of the machines that are to come.'

Thus this book takes its course from Asia to America, circling about Europe, with whose mental, spiritual, and human existence it is concerned. But what can this mean except that this book is not complete, and that the greatest of all the problems of to-day, the opposition between man and the machine, spirit and technique, will be solved in another volume?

In the meantime, let us receive this first work with deep joy. For its greatest value does not lie in the significant question with which it deals nor in the importance of the present conflict nor in the book's remoteness from the erotic cosmopolitan novel of to-day. Its value lies above all in its poetry, in the pureness of its tone, in the color of its scenes. Descriptions of Nature in all her spendthrift glory, of the sunlight of Asia Minor, of the green, marble-crowned hills of Athens; the unobtrusive yet finely chiseled characters; the infinitely quiet, tender, sorrowful sweetness, like a sad song, with which the story of Gambo's love sinks into every heart—these and many other things belong to the finest fiction of our time.

We shall look forward eagerly to Walter Eidlitz's next book. It cannot help but be harder, less merciful, more wrathful than this one. But Eidlitz belongs to those who ripen with their subject. He will return to us a stronger and more mature man. And we shall greet him with expectation.

1900. *By Paul Morand. Paris: Éditions de France. 1931. 15 francs.*

(Gabriel Brunet in *Je Suis Partout*, Paris)

PAUL MORAND, champion of a literature solely devoted to thrilling us with whatever is fashionable at the moment, a man who seems born to interpret all that is most up-to-date, has executed a sudden pirouette. What do you think he has brought forth? A book that digs into an era of the past more deeply than has ever been done before. He shows us a period so inconceivable that we need the rarest kind of retrospective imagination to understand its manners. It is a 'sunken continent from which only a few high hats emerge,' where a bizarre people dwelt 'who wore beards and rode in fiacres.' It is called 1900. The Eiffel Tower was eleven years old then.

But the Morand of this book is still

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Paul Morand. As usual he employs with catlike skill all the resources of an art based on surprise. He is more proud than ever to be a man of 1931, and he is less interested in reviving 1900 than in astonishing us by presenting that year to our eyes. To effect this astonishment he has to break all the bridges between 1900 and ourselves. He has to convince us that in 1931 there is nothing, absolutely nothing, of 1900 left and that even the numerous survivors of that year are today more remote from what they once were than they are from our crusader ancestors. It is easy to explain why Paul Morand pushes all contrasts to an extreme. It is the very condition of an art that depends for its effectiveness on immediate shocks and irresistible surprises. Furthermore, M. Morand's eye rests chiefly on tangible exteriors, and the material of which life is made has changed prodigiously in the past thirty years. But Morand also feels that there is an extreme contrast between the two periods, even in their profound aspects. Nor is this an arbitrary judgment, since 1914 represents a line of cleavage such as history has perhaps never before seen.

If I had the space at my disposal I should quote passages of *1900* that represent what I should call M. Paul Morand's 'gold values.' But I should also have to point out several difficulties with a heavy heart. I should have to say that Morand's 1900 is a 1900 grasped superficially rather than profoundly. I should say that his 1900 is a 1900 seen by a journalistic temperament and that his method is anecdotal.

M. Morand is not satisfied with evoking memories. He passes judgment on the period, and it is not a tender judgment. He feels that 1900 was one of the lowest periods humanity ever knew. He does not spare it several cruel words. 'Why should it have been so ugly, so rich, so happy?' he asks at the end of his book.

To pass judgment on a whole epoch is a task that does not tempt me much. The words 'epoch' and 'generation' define averages, and what difference do averages make? My taste leads me to judge an epoch in the light not of its daily life but of its rare and exceptional realizations of humanity. M. Morand judges the average level of life, thought, and art in the year 1900, and taken by and large it certainly does not possess much poetic magic, though another generation may judge it differently. Obviously the average ideas current in 1900 were among the most mediocre that the world has ever known. Obviously all sorts of crazy notions were swallowed with credulity. Obviously, a stale odor of social considerations spread over everything. Obviously, the thesis drama popular at that time was enough to drive one to tears. And the *fin de siècle* spirit and the pretended elegance of high life, who under heaven could defend such things?

But M. Morand does admit that 1900 knew how to discover and organize pleasure, which is quite a lot, you know. Who can tell? Our frenzied, dry epoch may be esteemed a wretched one by the future, precisely because it is more awkward in voluptuousness than any other. Finally, M. Morand himself is obliged to note certain men who were exceptions to their time, the names of certain writers and authors whom to-day we honor with all our heart. After all, 1900 is like all other periods. The exceptions are the only things that count.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

C. B. Cochran in Moscow

MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN, London's foremost theatrical producer, went to Moscow for a week's rest, where he spent most of his time visiting as many shows as possible. He found that Russian producers are still busy experimenting, whereas the better type of European theatre has passed through that phase and is returning to more realistic forms of production. Mr. Cochran still regards Stanislavski, of the pre-revolutionary Moscow Art Theatre, as Russia's greatest asset in the theatrical field.

'The outstanding thing that I saw was *Boris Godunov* at the Stanislavski Theatre, which was almost conventionally pre-war. I was so impressed that I inquired the name of the brilliant young person who had directed it; I was told that it had been produced by Stanislavski himself, and later I spent an hour with the greatest of all stage directors. I had met him years ago, and he is now a charming, courteous, handsome old man, wearing a sad and wistful air. He is still one of the two directors of the old Moscow Art Theatre, which is now called by another name and, of course, is under the Soviet; he also conducts the smaller studio theatre where I saw *Boris*. He told me that the man who had just sung the chief part would be a super in to-morrow's production, and as we talked that actor and the other members of the company were playing handball in the courtyard outside the window. That is characteristic of life in Russia to-day.

'Stanislavski said that he was sorry that I had seen *Boris Godunov*, for it did not represent his theatre at its best. To me, it was a masterpiece, and it made me realize the ideal possibilities of opera as a form. In an impulsive moment I asked Stanislavski if it would be possible to bring his company to England, but I gathered that there would be difficulties.

'I went to the Moscow Art Theatre, which is still redolent of Stanislavski, and I saw a fantasy called *The Three Fat Men*, and I was at the Opera House when Albert Coates conducted *Carmen*. It was a grand performance, and the singing and the orchestra were absolutely first rate. Curiously enough, I did not see an evening of ballet, but I was told that, contrary to the popular impression, the dancing had not been kept up so well as the opera.

'I saw an amusing comedy called *The Bug*, which had been directed by Neyerhold, another great producer, and this interested me extremely because it gave a picture of Russia under the Soviet. One of the scenes was in a community living room, and the author made some good, laughable farce out of the restricted conditions. The acting was wonderful. I gather that the piece had some slight propagandist message for the audiences. The scenery for *The Bug* was typical of the Russian stage of to-day. There was an ingenious use of screens, and the producer was obviously trying to get the best effects without spending too much money.'

A London *Observer* reporter wanted to know whether there was much propaganda insinuated into the Russian theatre.

'Of course, I do not speak any Russian, but I always went with friends who knew the language. All the theatres are under the Soviet, and I gather that a director is called over the coals unless a certain amount of propaganda gets into the entertainment. I do not think it is insinuated into *Carmen*, but there were a good many lessons for the young in a revue that I saw. I was in Moscow just after May Day, and every theatre was hung with banners, and red bunting with appropriate slogans decorated the circles.

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'What struck me particularly was the large number of very young children in all the theatres I visited. There is no doubt that the Government is definitely out to cultivate æsthetics in the younger generation. Outside the Opera House there is a notice that reads: "In order to be preëminent we must know all things. It must not be forgotten that the arts are an important part of civilization. Cultivate the arts—visit the opera." I could not help wondering how these young people, living of necessity in drab conditions, owing to the rigors of the Five-Year Plan, reacted to the magnificence of *Boris Godunov*, in which the pre-revolution stock costumes and furniture were lavishly displayed. There are theatres everywhere, and the Soviet regards them as an important educational and social force. Most of them are full, and, as far as I could make out, the prices range according to the status of the purchaser. The theatres form a vast state organization, and all the people employed in them are state servants. The circus is very popular, and the profits help to balance the losses in the other places of amusement.'

Mr. Cochran, however, feels that there are some difficulties to be overcome before musical comedies can be imported to Russia:—

'I met many Russians who had seen some of my entertainments, and a suggestion was made that I should take out a revue. I do not think that I shall accept the offer, for I gathered that payment would be made in timber and oil. Russia certainly needs more in the way of light entertainment, and is really anxious to get artists to go out and direct it.'

History of Dada

IN SWITZERLAND during the War, a Rumanian Jew named Tristan Tzara launched an anarchistic intellectual movement known as 'Dada' which continued for some half-dozen years and which is now having its history written in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* by one of its former adherents, M. G. Ribémont-Dessaignes. As the Dadaists were purely destructive and confined themselves to holding meetings and launching manifestos, they left behind them no artistic or literary creations. M. Ribémont-Dessaignes says that the aim of Dada was 'to free the individual from spirit itself by placing the genius on the same level with the idiot.' André Rousseaux, commenting on the Dada movement in *Le Figaro*, compares the men who supported it to Stendhal's character of Julien Sorel and to Arthur Rimbaud, because in all three cases the spirit of anarchy was asserting itself. M. Ribémont-Dessaignes puts it this way: 'The action of Dada was a permanent revolt of the individual against art, against morality, against society. It was a movement that aimed to free the individual from dogmas, formulas, and laws.'

M. Rousseaux describes the Dadaist background as follows: 'A Rumanian and various refractory citizens of various combatant powers were the founders of the movement. As we are not judging men but outlining a history of ideas, we do not need to know how much these intellectuals were actuated by the desire to save their own skins when they refused to take part in the War. What interests us is to see how Dada expressed the refusal of everything, a refusal toward which certain minds were logically impelled. Attempts had been made to conceal reality behind an ideology that would not stand up. Inevitably, therefore, certain exaggerated spirits tipped everything upside down, declaring, in the words of M. Ribémont-Dessaignes, that "submission to reality must be replaced by the creation of a superior reality." The fact that this superior reality was actually a low form of barbarism is another story. I simply want to point out that the extreme anarchy of Dada corresponds normally to the disorder in which we live.'

Although Dada died in the early 'twen-

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ties it produced lasting effects. Its old adherents point out that they were neighbors of Lenin in Zürich—James Joyce was also in town writing *Ulysses*—and they still insist that the revolution they tried to accomplish was more important than Bolshevism because it was not confined to politics. Certainly the present confused state of mind that exists in Europe seems to support their contention.

Sculpturing Lenin

ALREADY a new mythology is being built up out of personal recollections of Lenin. The *Revista Chilena*, for instance, prints an account by a sculptor named Altman who made a bust of Lenin in the Kremlin and thus was able to study the greatest of all Bolshevik leaders at first hand. Here are his impressions:—

'In May 1920, when I sculptured Lenin's bust and made some sketches of him, he was fifty years old. When he was seated at his table he seemed much taller than he actually was, probably because his legs were quite short. His face was broad and convex; his skull was unusual, with an indented surface. He blinked frequently. For a few weeks I worked daily in his office, from ten-thirty or so in the morning to four or five in the afternoon. When the members of the Government held secret conferences I went into the next room.

'The only objection that Lenin made to my work occurred on the second day. Winking one eye, and without moving his head, he said that the nose was not a good likeness. I explained that it was just a rough sketch and that the clay was not even hard. He was surprised. "Lunacharski assured me," he added, "that you would need only three half-hour sessions to do this." I replied that I had promised nothing and that my work would take fairly long to finish. Later he again complained of the duration of the work. I often arrived before Lenin and left later than he did. When he entered he always greeted me, saying, "Good morning, Comrade Altman."

'At this time Lenin was writing *Child Sicknesses of Communism*, and had few callers. Everyone tried to bother him as little as possible, but he did receive various foreign delegations while I was in his office. When a Turkish delegation brought him a car-load of food as a gift, they spoke Russian because they had been prisoners of war in Russia, and I noticed that as they spoke they gazed at Lenin with veneration. I was present when other callers came, Gorki, Etasov, and so on. The most assiduous members of the Government were Stalin and Kamenev. Sometimes Lenin's wife and sister came and talked before me with the greatest freedom. All callers were admitted.

'He was spontaneous and amiable with everyone, joking and sometimes sliding veiled ironic remarks into the conversation. He gave orders almost affectionately and was obeyed without a word. Such prestige emanated from his personality that it was impossible not to submit. On one occasion the comrade who acted as his orderly announced that someone was rudely insisting on an interview. Doubtless it was an insupportable petitioner. Lenin impatiently ordered, "Tell him to go to the devil, but tell him politely."

'Lenin had little artistic sense. He once told me that he could hear a tune twenty times without remembering it. The only works of art that adorned his office were a picture of Marat and a bas-relief representing Kalturin. They had told him that I was a futurist, and he asked if his bust would be of that school. I told him that as I wanted to portray him exactly I should not distort the work at all. Complying with his request, I then showed him some futurist work. He looked at it attentively and then said, without irony, "I do not understand it; it is evidently for specialists." At another time I showed him a photograph of the bust I had made of Lunacharski. He did not like the eyes. I pointed out that that was probably due

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to the absence of the glasses that Lunacharski always wore. Then Lenin asked me, "Generally speaking, how are glasses portrayed in sculpture?" Once he asked me whether the time I was taking on this work was long or short.

'On the first of May I went to the Kremlin as usual. No one was there. I was told that Lenin had gone to partake in the work of cleaning the Kremlin, which was to be executed by volunteer workers. Later they told me that Lenin had carried out rubbish with the rest of them. In the afternoon he entered and greeted me, smiling, "I salute you, Comrade Altman, on this holiday." He had a red ribbon in his buttonhole. He seemed very surprised that I had come to work. "But to-day is a holiday, the First of May," he said.

'The work finally came to an end, and, on the last day, when Lenin had left, I took up my bust to his office. I was to leave Moscow that night and I saw Lenin for the last time in the corridor. It was with deep regret that I left a room where I had felt the heart of a new world beating.'

A German Press Scandal

THE AFFAIRS of Georg Bernhard, former editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, and Franz Ullstein, its proprietor, have been causing a political, judicial, and social disturbance in Germany. The trouble began when Dr. Ullstein became engaged to a Frau Dr. Rosie Gräfenberg, *née* Goldschmidt, who lived in Paris and was said to have been employed as a spy by the German, French, and Russian governments. Dr. Bernhard, hearing these rumors, hastened to investigate them personally, since he felt that a newspaper that advocated Franco-German friendship should not be identified with an ex-spy who was reputed to have designs on its editorial department. As it happened, the rumors about Frau Gräfenberg were quite untrue, having been circulated by a man named Mathes, a former leader of the Rhineland Separatist movement, but Mathes's representatives succeeded in hornswoggling the conscientious Dr. Bernhard. Therefore, when the proprietor of the *Vossische Zeitung* married the lady in spite of the objections of his editor and many members of his family, Bernhard resigned, took a position with an industrial concern, withdrew from the Reichstag, and brought his career as a journalist to a temporary close by attacking his former employer's marriage.

At this point, Dr. Ullstein brought suit for libel. The trial lasted ten days and revealed that Bernhard had acted in good faith but that he had been misinformed. He was therefore ordered to pay the costs of the trial and urged by the court to bury the hatchet with his old friend. Such a positive indorsement of Rosie Ullstein's good name might have been expected to bring the episode to a happy conclusion, but instead it resulted in an amicable separation of the newly wed couple. The marriage had broken under the strain, just at the moment when all should have been well. It is expected that the return of Dr. Bernhard to journalism will only be a matter of time.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

American Optimism

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE, editor of *Le Matin*, quotes with approval the following words of M. Bernard Faÿ: 'There is no such thing as Americanism. There is only American optimism, which is the whole basis of the American soul.' M. Lauzanne then develops M. Faÿ's text as follows:—

American optimism is faith in life and in the possibility of happiness. It is confidence in the political wisdom of the people and in the future of democracy. It also represents a tendency to consider world problems from the economic point of view, which makes them seem capable of a practical solution, instead of from the political point of view, which is so hopelessly irritating.

This optimism has its roots in American history, which is a short history but a happier one than any other nation's. With the exception of the Civil War, the United States has undergone no great convulsion. It has suffered from no foreign aggression, no internal revolution. American optimism also has its roots in the religiousness of the American people. Recent statistics have revealed that, besides the Catholic and Jewish faiths, there are no less than two hundred and twelve varieties of Protestant churches in the United States. Now all these churches have one common trait, belief in happiness. All of them proclaim their gratitude to the Lord for having made the American people what the God of Israel once made the Hebrew people, an elect nation favored by the heavens. And the greatest national fête is Thanksgiving, at which time everybody gives thanks to the Divinity for having taken the soil of America and its inhabitants under His special care.

Of course everything can be carried to excess, and there is no doubt that America owes its present crisis to its optimism. As M. Faÿ has also said, too much confidence led to too much credit, and in 1928 credit had degenerated into an orgy. The Wall Street crash shattered some simple illusions, but it did not shatter American optimism, which will soon appear again, renewed and refreshed. But it will be a more reasonable and reasoned optimism, adapted to the lessons of experience.

Pollyanna Is Dead

UNLIKE M. Lauzanne of *Le Matin*, who still insists that optimism is the dominating quality of Americans, Miss I. A. R. Wylie, a popular British novelist now living in New York, celebrates the death of the spirit of Pollyanna:—

Something very serious has happened—something far more important than the actual crash. A deity has fallen. A religion has received its deathblow. Pollyanna, goddess of synthetic optimism, is no more. And with her has gone the great American belief that if this is not the best of all possible worlds, America is the best of all possible nations, and that, though individual Americans may go up and down, America must go up undeviatingly forever. As one huge poster announced to the length and breadth of New York State—with a lack of psychological insight that suggests Teutonic inspiration—'Business is good. Nothing can stop U. S.' Which pronouncement, coupled with one of Mr. Hoover's hopeful messages, sent the market reeling to the ropes. Thence onward her devotees were forced to realize that invoking Pollyanna was just so much waste of advertising space.

This is the most important event since

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the War. It represents an unparalleled change of psychology in a great nation, and the consequences cannot be limited or estimated. It must affect American art, literature, and politics, and radically alter American relationships with other nations. Hitherto Pollyanna has acted as nursemaid to the best American minds. She has kept them unwilling, distressed, and fitfully squalling, in unsuitable swaddling clothes. She has told the mass American that he is much too nice a little boy to play with the nasty-minded, ill-conditioned children in the neighbor's yard. Now that she has been dismissed without even a character, amazing things may happen. At least America is free from an influence that was threatening her national character with one of the most pernicious of complexes.

Meanwhile, Pollyanna has cost Americans dear, morally, intellectually, and financially. Under her hypnotic sway, the shrewdest, hardest-headed went open-eyed into the abyss. Even those who must have known perfectly well where they were being led had neither the courage to issue a warning nor to act themselves on their own convictions. To distrust Pollyanna was sacrilege. It was worse. It was unpatriotic. In a foreigner it amounted to bad manners. I remember sadly that two months before the first crash I went down to my brokers with the firm intention of selling every American share I owned. Heaven knows that I am no financial expert, but a schoolboy's arithmetic convinced me that shares yielding less than 2 per cent stood too high to stand long. I remember, too, my broker's eye, afire with indignation.

'Do you suggest,' he demanded, 'that America isn't going ahead? Do you suggest that anything can stop her on her road to increasing power and prosperity? Do you realize that, with her untapped natural resources—'

I at last realized that I had committed an international *faux pas* that, if persisted in, might land me on Ellis Island as an undesirable alien who, contrary to her oath, was attempting to undermine the Constitution. I kept my shares. Fortunately, not on margin. Even that much caution laid me open to the grave suspicion of being at best half-witted. At any rate, I am not selling apples at street corners.

In a chastened, rather wide-eyed mood, unsupported by Pollyanna, America faces a grave future. The wheel may turn at any moment. From time to time a bull market shows its horns above the horizon. But no one who is truly concerned for America's greatness can wish for a swift return of prosperity. At the risk of seeming to indulge in *Schadenfreude*—which with my pet investments at half their cost price I am not likely to do—I must admit that since the dark days America has become a far happier place for an alien to sojourn in, a far more lovable and admirable country to claim as a second home.

Gone is the harsh contempt for individual failure. The somewhat arrogant assumption that American prosperity was due to American virtue, and that European misfortunes were due to a vicious decadence, has waned. It has become conceivable that great nations, like great individuals, may suffer adversity. America, in fact, has been brought into communion with the rest of a deservedly defeated world. She has learned on the stock market what Europeans learned at more bitter cost on the battlefield.

She can no longer pretend to stand aloof from a civilization of which she forms an integral and vital part. And those who love her and believe in her must wish that in her recovery she will not outstrip her sister nations, but keep step with them in sympathy, in understanding, and in practical coöperation.

Talkies Preferred

COMMENTING on the results of a questionnaire given at Columbia University which showed that stu-

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dents prefer the talkies to the theatre and the opera, Amerigo Ruggiero, American correspondent for *La Stampa* of Turin, explains why he agrees with them:—

The results of this inquiry are not surprising, for it is very doubtful whether this shocking taste is limited to American students, and is not common to all students of every civilized country. The difference is that American undergraduates are accustomed to expressing their opinions freely. Not being snobs, they are not afraid of seeming ignorant when they confess that they feel no admiration for the much-acclaimed masterpieces of other epochs. Their preference for talking pictures and their lack of interest in the theatre and opera are quite natural. Most of us, especially in Europe, are not aware how much the silent film and the talkie have transformed dramatic art. Compared to the simple, natural way in which Hollywood actors and actresses represent scenes from modern life, even the greatest classic drama, mannered, melodramatic, and funereal as it is, appears incongruous. Young Americans go to the classic theatre and hear ugly, middle-aged actresses reciting rhetorically and walking as if they were on stilts. As for the opera, the young American simply does not attend, though he might like the music if it were not sung by fat men in breeches who attempt to capture matrons over fifty, whom the young spectators can hardly help comparing with the delightful movie stars.

Although Signor Ruggiero approves of the movies, he has no sympathy for the cultural tastes of upper-class American women, whom he calls *précieuses ridicules:*—

They are not satisfied with having imposed on their husbands the terrible task of keeping up with the Joneses; they have also had the leisure to acquire a culture that is of course superficial yet is sufficient to enable them to cut a figure in the world and to express an opinion on any subject discussed in the press or by their friends.

The American husband has not been able to do this, because he lacks either the time or the intellectual tastes. In other words, while the woman has become cultured at the expense of her husband, the American business man has remained a boor.

When a big executive returns in the evening, worried and seeking peace and comfort, he is confronted by a cohort of belligerent women, friends of his wife, engaged in interminable bridge games interspersed with numerous cocktails. They assail him on all sides with a shower of questions that take the wind out of him.

'What do you think, Mr. Jones, of Dr. Bunk's new system of psychoanalysis to cure girls of the Œdipus complex?'

'Don't you believe, Mr. Jones, that Stokowski conducts Brahms better than Toscanini? And he's such a handsome man!'

'What do you think of the *Well of Loneliness?* Don't you agree that it's one of the greatest novels of the century?'

'Have you seen Brancusi's latest work? Don't you think that Gertrude Stein's poems are the most modern of all poetry?'

All this time Mr. Jones is thinking of how his business rival has cut his prices and how the banks are curbing credit. He answers evasively or says something ridiculous. The women look scandalized and pity his wife. Another divorce is in the making.

Viva Sandino!

MR. RAYMOND L. BUELL'S pamphlet entitled *American Supervision of Elections in Nicaragua* draws fire from an exiled Sandino sympathizer writing in the *Reportorio Americano:*—

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One gathers from what Mr. Buell says that he would like to see the elections of 1932 held without any North American participation whatever, and as far as this goes it seems to agree with what we Nationalists want. But, on the other hand, he calls the Sandino movement 'banditry,' which is to say that Moncada must be aided against Sandino. Thus the equation is resolved in these terms: Moncada must be enthroned, like Juan Vicente Gomez of Venezuela. The advantage of this policy for the United States is obvious. Moncada, its servile instrument, will continue in power, and as Washington will not have participated in the elections of 1932 it can not be accused of having kept him there. It is a very pretty picture.

But the real crux of the problem is the Sandino movement, which represents active nationalism, and as long as this movement is miscalled banditry nothing can be done to clarify the Nicaraguan situation. Stimson went to Nicaragua to impose a monstrous, venal peace. There were those who did not find this peace acceptable. Stimson then said these patriots were bandits, and, naturally, things have gone from bad to worse. There has been no peace and there will be no peace.

Anyone in Nicaragua, which is dominated by Yankee bayonets, who was suspected of sympathizing with Sandino, was assassinated, jailed, persecuted, or exiled. As I had always openly sympathized with him, United States marines threw me in jail, kept me there, dragged me out in a garbage cart, carried me aboard a ship, and thus got me out of the country. But, since these marines receive money from the Moncada Government as well as from the United States, the State Department washes its hands of the affair, saying that I was expelled by the Nicaraguan National Guard and not by the marines. I know it was the marines, and I accuse the United States.

The same thing has happened to many others. Four of the principal leaders of the Nationalist movement, all sympathizers of Sandino,—Adolfo Ortega Díaz, Toribio Tijerino, the engineer Fernando Larios, and the labor leader Tranquilino Sáenz,—have been exiled. Some of the leading Nationalists, seeing how brutally we were disposed of, have drawn in their horns.

But the 'facts and the truth,' for the sake of Mr. Buell, are that the Sandino movement is the true Nicaraguan National movement. This nationalism is obliged by circumstances to have two wings, one civil, the other military. North American cowards have called the military element bandits, and have said that it is too small a minority to count. But the Nationalists in civil life are becoming more and more convinced that there is no other way out except direct action, in other words, war. Those who do not agree, those who are not moved by a deep pacifism but by the fear of being exiled, remain outside the movement and fall back on to the Moncada régime. Poor old men afraid of death! But it does not matter. They are not missed, and Nationalism will continue to advance.

In my opinion, everything must be done to keep the situation from getting worse, and the first step is to recognize that Sandinism is not banditry. This step Mr. Buell does not wish to take.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

LINZ. September, Exhibition of the Upper Austrian Art Societies.

SALZBURG. August 15–30, Salzburg Festivals.

VIENNA. August 15–30, Daily Concerts, Plays, and Dance Recitals in the open at the Burggarten; *September*, Accountants' Congress, Congress of the International Association of Printers, Efficiency Congress, Austrian Hunting Exhibition, International Dancers' Congress, International Fencing Congress; *6–12*, International Fair; *13–22*, World Congress of Austrians Residing Abroad; *15*, Women's Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *20, 27, October 4, 11, 18, 25*, Performances of the Spanish Riding Academy, Church Concerts; *October*, International Radio Congress, International Congress of Psychoanalysts.

Canada

ARMSTRONG (BRITISH COLUMBIA). September 21–24, Armstrong Fall Fair.

LUNENBURG. September 17–21, Fisheries Exhibition.

NEW WESTMINSTER. September 7–12, British Columbia Provincial Exhibition.

QUEBEC. September 3–12, Quebec Provincial Exhibition.

SHERBROOKE (QUEBEC). August 29–September 5, Great Eastern Exhibition.

VANCOUVER. August 15–22, Horse Races; *22–29*, Vancouver Exhibition.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 28, Independence Day.

BRATISLAVA. August 23–September 2, International Danube Sample Fair.

BRNO. August 15–October 31, Anthropos Exhibition; *August 30–September 9*, Fair; *27*, Automobile Races.

PARDUBICE. August 15–September 30, Exhibition of Sport and Physical Culture of the Czechoslovak Republic; *22–23*, International Races and Volley-Ball and Basket-Ball Tournaments; *30*, Women's Games Competition; *September 6*, Motorcycle Races; *27–October 4*, Grand Steeple Chase of Pardubice.

PRAGUE. August 15–September 30, Exhibition of Modern Dwellings; *September 6–13*, Prague Sample Fair; *15–25*, Congress of 'Fidac' War Veterans; *20*, Folding-Boat Races.

England

LONDON. August 15–October 3, Promenade Concert Season; *September*, Wireless Exhibition at the Olympia; *2–19*, International Illumination Congress; *10–11*, Flower Show; *10–26*, International Exhibition of Engineering and Shipbuilding; *12–October 10*, International Photographic Exhibition; *21*, Faraday Commemorative Meeting at Queen's Hall; *23–October 3*, Faraday Centenary Exhibition at Albert Hall; *23–30*, Centenary Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; *October*, International Exhibition of Inventions; *1*, Autumn Fruit and Vegetable Show; *12*, Opening of the Law Courts Ceremony; *14–24*, 'Home Life' Trade Exhibition; *15–24*, Motor Show.

MALVERN. August 15–23, Dramatic Festival.

NOTTINGHAM. October 3, Goose Fair.

OXFORDSHIRE. September 17–19, Mop Fair at Chipping Norton.

STAFFORDSHIRE. September 7, Dance of the Deer Men at Abbots Bromley.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. August 15–September 30, Shakespeare Summer Dramatic Festival.

TORQUAY. August 24–25, Royal Regatta.

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GERMANY

BADEN. September 4–6, Seventh Series of Fall Sports Events.
BERLIN. August 15, Hardware Exposition; *21–30*, Eighth General German Radio and Phonograph Exposition; *September 4–13*, Office Exposition; *October*, Fall Exposition of the Association of Berlin Artists.
DRESDEN. August 15–September 20, International Hygiene Exhibition.
EISLEBEN. September 20–22, '*Wiesenmarkt*,' Historic Folk Festival.
ESSEN. October 5, Shepherd-Dog Show.
FLENSBURG. August 23, Singing and Dancing Festival.
HAMBURG. September 27–28, Hamburg Textile Sample Fair.
LEIPZIG. August 30–September 19, German Eastern Fair.
LIEGNITZ. September 19–October 11, Music Festivals, Folk Festivals.
MUNICH. August 15–September 20, 'Woman of To-day' Exposition; *August 15–25*, Wagner and Mozart Festivals; *15–31*, Schiller Cycle.
ROTHENBURG. September 5–7, Folk Festival.
STUTTGART. October 11, Concert by Johann Strauss Orchestra.
WEISSENBURG. August 15–30, Performances of the Bavarian State Theatre.

HOLLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. August 31, Queen Wilhelmina's Birthday.
LEYDEN. September 7–12, Orientalists' Congress.
THE HAGUE. August 15–30, Exhibition of Old Dutch and Flemish Masters; *beginning of September*, Spiritists' Congress.
UTRECHT. September 8–18, Autumn Fair.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. August 15–16, Water Polo: Czechoslovakia *v.* Hungary; *16–21*, St. Stephen's Week Celebrations; *September 6*, Hungarian Stud Prize Horse Race; *14–19*, Stomatologic Congress; *October 4–25*, International Polo Meet.

IRELAND

BELFAST. September 5, International Ulster Grand Prix Motorcycle Race; *30*, Royal Ulster Agricultural Show.
CURRAGH. September 15–17, Irish St. Leger Horse Races; *October 20–23*, Races.
DUBLIN. August 24–28, Irish Open Golf Championships at Dollymount; *October 3*, Racing.

SCOTLAND

BOGSIDE. September 19, Racing.
BRAEMAR. September 10, Royal Braemar Highland Gathering.
FORT WILLIAM. August 25, Highland Gathering.
GLENEAGLES. September 21–26, Lawn Tennis Open Tournament.
INVERNESS. September 17–18, Highland Games.
IRVINE. August 22, Marymass Pageant and Races.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. August 15–September 27, Matisse Exhibition; *October 3*, October Festival at the Municipal Theatre.
BERN. August 15–September 20, First Swiss Exhibition of Hygienics and Sports; *31–September 4*, International Congress of Neurologists.
GENEVA. September 7, Opening of the Assembly of the League of Nations; *October 26*, Conference of Communications and Transit.
INTERLAKEN. August 31, Dutch Fête; *September 6–10*, Congress of the International Union for Psychoanalysis.
LUGANO. September 12, Venetian Night Fête on the Lake.
NEUCHÂTEL. October 4, Vintage Festival with Pageant.
ST. MORITZ. August 17, International Tennis Tournament.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

rally. Since he is neither a Jew nor a slacker he cannot be libeled by the National Socialists, and his background and record are therefore quite as important as the facts that he reports. There is every reason to believe that the first revolutionary outbreaks in Germany will come from the unemployed members of the middle class, which has not organized into trade unions under the moderating influence of the Social Democratic Party and which is being ground down by the crisis even worse than the proletariat. Herr von Unruh detected very few workingmen at the rally he visited and he was not in the least impressed by the callow youths who predominated.

RUSSIA has been pushed off the front pages, for the time being, at any rate, by the German crisis, but the Five-Year Plan goes forward. Hans Siemsen, who has been writing dispatches to the German press from various parts of the country, describes a typical school for homeless children. It is not one of the show places yet it seems to be doing amazingly well under the circumstances. First and last, we have printed a good many favorable pictures of Russia, and for that reason we are glad to give space to the impressions of a very unsympathetic Englishman who signs himself 'Traveler.' We cannot believe that this is the best that the attackers of Russia can do, but his article appeared in one of the leading British monthlies and we pass it on for whatever our readers may think it is worth.

IN TIMES like these it is difficult to feel as much enthusiasm for the literary items in the foreign press as it is to get excited about political and economic articles. We have, however, discovered an excellent essay on Joseph Conrad by a man who has already written a book bearing out the same theory—to wit, that Conrad's life was haunted by his sense of guilt at having quit Poland.

HANS-ULLRICH DREYER'S short story, which we have entitled 'One More Unfortunate,' combines literary merit with timeliness. Many of our pages have been given over to discussions of the world economic crisis, to unemployment, and so forth; here are five pages that show how the individual German of the lower class is affected by the great depression. We cannot pretend that it makes cheerful reading.

THE same sterility that characterizes French foreign policy is also evident in the nation's literary life. Bernard Grasset, head of the publishing house that bears his name and author of a vigorous book of criticism, has the courage to point out that the fiction of France has gone to the dogs, as a result, he says, of the modern attempts to combine it with history and biography. Our own diagnosis is that when a nation is sick in one spot the symptoms cannot be localized.

FREDERIC R. COUDERT, who in addition to general practice in New York has for many years maintained a European office in Paris and has had occasion, as did his father, to advise in matters of international law, both public and private, argues that the man of law can now replace the man of war. Quite as interesting as the author's own hope that permanent peace will be established in our time is a hitherto unpublished letter written by Admiral Mahan to Mr. Coudert and a comment on that letter, likewise unpublished heretofore, by John Bassett Moore. Mr. Coudert's article was read in more extensive form before the Bar Association of the State of Maryland at a recent meeting of that body.

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WAR AND PEACE

THE welfare of Europe and the world depends upon whether those who became enemies through tragic fate in the World War are determined now to decide upon resolutions that the critical hour demands. The American proposal will accomplish this great purpose if accepted by all the nations concerned with the same broad-mindedness with which it was made.

The German Government realizes that in every respect the future development of Franco-German relations is particularly important. If there have been many difficulties and setbacks in developing these relations, if on both sides of the frontier these have led to acrimonious discussions, I still adhere to the conviction that all this is not unconquerable, but that with good will on both sides the means can be found to emphasize what is to the interest of both countries and to implant it so firmly in the consciousness of both peoples that its permanence will be guaranteed.—*Chancellor Heinrich Brüning of Germany.*

Let us hope the day will dawn when all the nations of the world will be able to meet at Geneva not even thinking of how to prevent war, but taking it for granted that war is quite out of date and out of the question.—*J. Ramsay MacDonald, Prime Minister of Great Britain.*

Another war would wreck the British economic structure. Modern aircraft and guns have ended Britain's isolation from the rest of Europe. Now we have the almost complete autonomy of the Dominions and the change in the personalities who direct the destinies of the British Empire. The Churchills and the Kiplings have given way to the Cecils, the MacDonalds, the Shaws, and the Wells—and that is a very great change indeed.—*Agnes Campbell Macphail, Canadian Member of Parliament.*

Now that most of us recognize that the world has become interdependent, we know that none of us can live to ourselves alone and that we have to take into consideration how our actions will affect the other fellow. I look forward to the United States and the various free states within the British Commonwealth coöperating to the benefit of the world.—*Major Evelyn Wrench, editor of the 'Spectator,' London.*

I count on the women. It is to them that I turn, and if I feel any profound joy to-day it is to see in their eyes so much joy at the thought that the cause of peace will continue to be defended. As long as they are with us, as long as they defend their little ones and their brothers and their husbands, and with the goodness of their hearts try to defend humanity against wars and atrocities, our cause will be in good hands. I beg them not to desert it.—*Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister.*

The Church is not the place for the national flag or the national anthem or the national anything. It is the place for the international spirit and emotion, the international ideal and endeavor. With all my heart I welcome the gesture of President Hoover. The *Literary Digest* says: 'Europe cheers and jeers at the war-debt holiday.' I ask you to believe that there is no jeering in England. There you will find thankfulness, a wistful hope that you will in all things respond to your President's words.—*Dr. H. T. Donaldson of the Clarendon Park Congregational Church, Leicester, England.*

Permanent peace has attracted a large portion of the energy of Legion patriotism, the patriotism of men who abhor war from personal experience, but the time has come when the pacifist element in America must be scotched in its efforts to strip the nation of its defensive forces.—*Ralph T. O'Neil, National Commander of the American Legion.*

Unless we can remove from the minds and hearts of nations the hate and fear of one another and the suspicion of motives, we might destroy all our armies and navies and yet not destroy war. For with all the developments of science and the tremendous mechanism of modern industrialism we could go to the greatest war in history within a short time by harnessing modern industrialism to the chariot of war.—*A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the British Admiralty.*

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THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Germany, Go Slow	*Dr. Erich Kramer*
Is a Crash Inevitable?	*H. N. Brailsford*
Speaking for France	*Pierre Bernus*
After the Moratorium	*Wladimir d'Ormesson*
Hitler in Action	*F. F. von Unruh*
Conrad and Cowardice	*Gustav Morf*
French Fiction in Distress	*Bernard Grasset*
Law Not War	*Frederic R. Coudert*

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Preparedness

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S offer of a moratorium has saved the United States from the danger that we described in this space a month ago. America is no longer a minority of one.

Although our nation's decision to mix again in world affairs came with bewildering suddenness, its significance was clear to every reader of THE LIVING AGE. The two most urgent questions of our time — a possible collapse in Germany and a possible revision of debts and reparations — had been discussed more thoroughly in THE LIVING AGE than in any other American publication.

Consider, for instance, the following items that have appeared in our columns since the month of March: Count Wladimir d'Ormesson's plan for Franco-American coöperation on the war-debt problem; Sir Robert Horne's 'The Truth about the War Debts'; 'War Debts in Parable' by Charles N. Edge; 'The Crisis in Germany' by Richard von Kühlmann; 'Blighted Berlin' by Felix Salten; 'Germany, Awake!' by Adolf Hitler; 'The Russo-German Peril' by Senator Frédéric Eccard; 'Germany Looks at Russia' by Sven von Müller; 'The Threat to German Culture' by Evelyn Sharp.

In the nature of the case, THE LIVING AGE cannot always promise in advance what material it will lay before its readers. But this we can say: Our record in the past few months — a period of unparalleled importance in post-war history — proves that we have focused attention on precisely those issues that are now most in the public eye.

What next? Just as THE LIVING AGE prepared its readers in advance to understand the events of recent weeks, so our future issues will emphasize those international realities that are half-concealed at the moment but that will come to the surface to-morrow or the day after.

So long as the United States remained officially aloof from the affairs of Europe, all too few of our best citizens perceived how large a stake we held abroad. But with America openly involved in the affairs of Europe, THE LIVING AGE is no longer caviare to the general. It has become one of the first and most conspicuous necessities of the day.

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SEASIDE HOTEL

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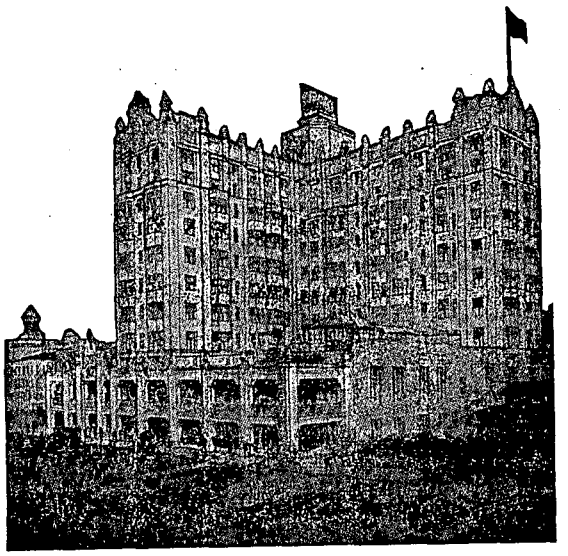

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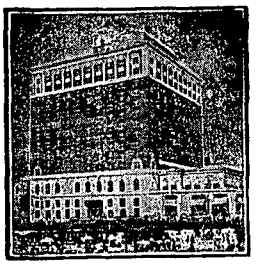

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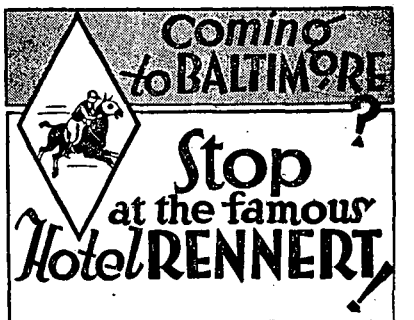

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Missing Numbers!

Many people keep complete files of foreign newspapers and reviews. Sometimes, when the moment comes to bind them, one or two numbers are discovered to be missing. The Living Age, since its Editors are daily concerned with examining the huge mass of foreign periodicals from which they select for Living Age readers the best articles and comment, has on hand extensive files of these periodicals, difficult to obtain elsewhere. We are happy to supply our friends with missing numbers when possible.

A partial list of the foreign periodicals included in the Living Age General Periodical File follows:

L'Echo de Paris
Le Figaro
Le Journal des Débats
Le Martin
Le Temps
L'Humanité
Nouvelles Littéraires
Mercure de France
Nouvelle Revue Française
Revue des Vivants
L'Europe
L'Europe Nouvelle
Revue Universelle
Le Correspondant
Revue Bleue
Frankfurter Zeitung
Die Rote Fahne
Berliner Tageblatt
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Gerarchia
Osservatore Romano
Corriere della Sera
El Sol (Madrid)
La Voz (Madrid)
Revista de Occidente
La Gaceta Literaria (Madrid)
La Prensa (Buenos Aires)
Neues Wiener Tagblatt
Pester Lloyd
Prager Tagblatt
Neue Zürcher Zeitung
Japan Advertiser
Manchester Guardian
Daily Telegraph (London)
Daily Herald (London)
The Times (London)
The Sunday Times (London)
The Observer (London)
National Review (London)
English Review
The Contemporary Review
The Fortnightly Review
The Saturday Review
The Week-end Review
The New Statesman and Nation
Life and Letters (London)

If you discover that there are numbers missing from your files of these or any other foreign reviews or newspapers, write to The Living Age, 253 Broadway, New York City, specifying the title and date of issue. Copies will be supplied, when available, in order of application, at a nominal charge of 50 cents per copy.

R. Alsto - c

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